JOHN BULL, MAY 9, 1925 *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.* Postage in U.K. or Abroad, 1d

JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXVII. No. 988. SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1925. TWOPENCE.

DRINK AND ENJOY LIPTON'S TEA

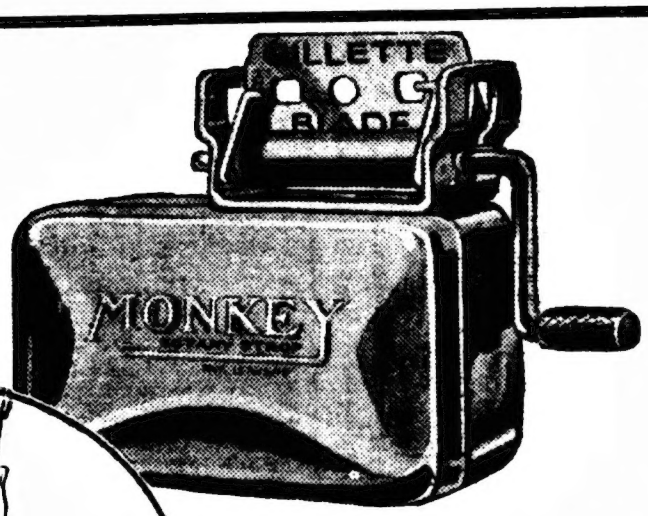
£250 DEATH BENEFIT PAID see Page 2

1000 Prizes for CROSS-WORDS — see page 34

GRANNY BLOCKS THE WAY

By The Earl of Denbigh C.V.O.

200 *shaves with the same blade*

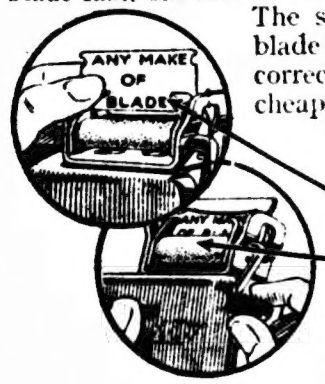


IMPORTANT NOTICE TO RETAILERS
Scores of thousands of safety-razor users need the MONKEY STROP. There is a big market for it in your district. DON'T LOSE SALES. Send now to your usual wholesaler or direct to the MANUFACTURER. GENEROUS TRADE TERMS.

Not one bad day in twelve months' shaving

You've probably learned to expect your razor to have moods. One day it does its work in excellent fashion; on another it shirks the blue stubble and earns your bad-tempered tolerance. But why even tolerate it when there is the MONKEY STROP? With the help of this ingenious stropping device you can shave cleanly and comfortably day in and day out the whole year round. One safety-razor blade lasts six months and still the same keen, biting edge.

The secret is that both sides of the blade are stropped simultaneously at the correct angle. Nowhere is there such a cheap and efficacious rotary strop.



Sharpens any make of blade in 15 seconds (except Durham Duplex). **IMPROVED MODEL.** complete with best quality nickel-plated case.

(1) Just drop in your blade. (2) A few turns of the handle that's all. **5/6**

Obtainable from Cash Chemists, including all branches of Boots', Taylor's, Hodder's, Parkes', Timothy White Co., Ltd., Cutlers, Ironmongers, Hairdressers and Stores. If any difficulty, remit 5/6 direct to Manufacturers.

MONKEY STROP

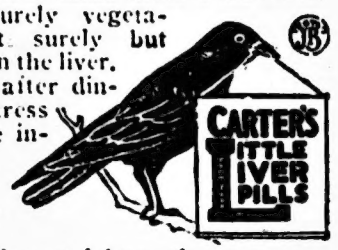
Sharpens any make of blade in fifteen seconds.

MFRS.: DOUGLAS KIRBY & CO., LTD., Dept. J.B., ST. JOHN'S LANE, GLOUCESTER.

Constipation Is Relieved

Prompt—Permanent—Relief

CARTER'S Little Liver Pills rarely fail. Purely vegetable—act surely but gently on the liver. Relieve after dinner distress—relieve indigestion; improve the complexion—brighten the eyes.



Small Pill—Small Dose—Small Price

40 years a leader

You can have a luxuriously equipped **1925 GOLD MEDAL QUADRANT**, direct from us at money saving prices. Any machine willingly sent **ON 14 DAYS' APPROVAL. PACKED FREE AND CARRIAGE PAID.** Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Thousands of testimonials. Write now for our Free Lists and see the enormous saving in cash and easy payment terms.

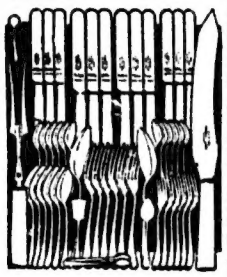
QUADRANT CYCLE CO., LTD., Dept 2, COVENTRY

Quadrant **2/-** **A WEEK**

Made through out in our own Manufactory & quality fully guaranteed.

GRAVES 'FIFTY'

50 PIECES, 50 SHILLINGS.



1 pr Double Shear Steel Carvers, Ivorette handles, 6 **Stainless** Steel Table Knives and 6 **Stainless** Steel Dessert Knives, Ivory grained handles, 2 Table Spns, 6 Dessert Spns, 6 Tea Spns, 6 Egg Spns, 6 Table Forks, 6 Dessert Forks, 1 Sugar Spn, 1 pr Sugar Tngs, 1 Jam Spoon, 1 Salt Spoon, all warranted to wear white throughout. Terms: **5/-** now, **5/-** monthly. Money back if at all disappointed.

5/- NOW

Catalogue Post Free

J. G. Graves Ltd, Sheffield

BABY CARS from 52/6

Direct from Factory, On Approval. CARRIAGE PAID.

Retail Profits Saved.

Cash or Easy Terms.

Send now for Free Art Catalogue.

GODIVA CARRIAGE CO. (Dept. 56) COVENTRY.

A BEDROOM TRAGEDY

Reader Burned to Death!

JOHN BULL pays £250

A COMMON gas stove. A figure bent over it, enjoying its congenial warmth. An every day scene this.

The figure edges still nearer to the flames—her clothes brush them. Then comes tragedy, swift and terrible. In a twinkling the victim is enveloped in flames and burned to death.

Such was the awful fate that has overtaken Mrs. Mary Curtis, 188, Eastfield Road, Eastney, Portsmouth.

Her husband, having had the foresight to sign the forms, has received from "John Bull" a cheque for £250.

Have YOU registered yet?

A few of the BENEFITS PAID this week.

FIRE—Up to £400

BRISTOL.—Mr. J. BRITTON, 12, Barton Street, Barton Hill.
BLACKBURN.—Mrs. R. ISHERWOOD, 19, Portland Street.
DARWEN, LANCS.—Mrs. M. A. CHORLTON, 121, Blackburn Road.
BOLTON.—Mr. R. MCNEICE, 34, Nunnery Road, Deane.
EXETER.—Mrs. M. STEER, 28, Higher Shapter, Topsham.
STONEHOUSE, LANARKSHIRE.—Mrs. J. MILLER, 1A, Hill Road.
AUCHINLECK, AYRSHIRE.—Mrs. L. FRASER, Barbieston.
WEST BROMWICH.—Mr. B. NOCK, 3, Neal Street, Spon Lane.
MARPLE, CHESHIRE.—Mrs. M. MAYERS, 128, Stockport Road.
BURTON-ON-TRENT.—Mrs. F. ROWE, 387, Rosliston Road, Stapenhill.
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. M. R. GREGORY, 11, Court 2 House, Main Road, Darnall.
GLASGOW.—Mr. C. DUNMORE, 28, Carrickarden Street, Kelvinside.
DYSART, FIFE.—Mr. R. LESLIE, 29, Fitzroy Street.
WOODLESFORD, Nr. LEEDS.—Mrs. J. MARTIN, 7, New Street, Bowers Row.

STORM—Up to £300

BYS QUARTER, LANARKSHIRE.—Mr. WM. NEILL, Limekilnburn Inn.
NORWICH, NORFOLK.—Mr. A. SAY, Sprowston Ct., Cotts.
GLAZEBURY, Nr. MANCHESTER.—Mr. J. MASSEY, 64, Warrington Road.
PLYMOUTH.—Mr. P. B. HILL, 46, Portland Road, Devonport.
PERRANWELL STATION, CORNWALL.—Mr. S. DAVEY, Wheal Prosper.
LIVERPOOL.—Mrs. J. JONES, 35, Bedley Street, Anfield.
LAMBETH, S.E.11.—Mrs. B. CRUISE, 1, Wake Street, Lambeth Walk.

SICKNESS—£5 : 5 : 0

UNSTONE, Nr. SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. M. PREECE, 11, Molloy Terrace.
BRISTOL.—Mr. W. T. AMOS, 75, St. John's Crescent, St. John's Lane, Bedminster.
WOLVERHAMPTON.—Mr. J. H. POWELL, 183, Parkfield Road.
WOLVERHAMPTON.—Mr. R. LEDGER, 4, Tower Street.
COCKERMOUTH.—Mr. G. HORNBY, 91, Main Street.
ISLINGTON, N.7.—Mr. J. NASH, 2, Brewery Road, Caledonian Road.
LLANELLY.—Mr. P. HOWELLS, 2, Campbell Street, New Dock.

ACCIDENTS—£3 per week

FIRBECK, Nr. ROTHERHAM, YORKS.—Mrs. M. E. PRIESTLEY.
MIRFIELD, YORKS.—Mrs. F. BROWN, Blackburn Buildings, Battyesford.
BARROW-IN-FURNESS.—Mrs. E. UNSWORTH, 2, Metlura Street, Walney.
SHORTSTANDING, Nr. COLEFORD, GLOS.—Mrs. F. H. AMBURY, Albert Villa.
SOWERBY BRIDGE, YORKS.—Mrs. E. MURGATROYD, 5, Daisy Mount, Friendly.
MANCHESTER.—Mrs. M. MURRAY, 11, Jessamine Street, Lr. Broughton, Salford.

Total Benefits Now Paid 15,986.

CUT HERE.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name in full (CAPITAL LETTERS.) .....Age....

Address.....

.....

Reader's Signature.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent on receipt of ½d. stamped addressed envelope.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 9/5/25.

CUT HERE.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address.....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

Cash the Coupons—John Bull's Wonderful Offer

See What You Get!

(1) The 5/- "John Bull" Lever Self-Filling Pen, fitted with safety cap and 14-ct. solid gold nib, iridium tipped, beautifully chased, admittedly worth 10/6.

(2) A 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil of classic design, complete with refills, presented FREE!

PRICE - - - - - 5/-

WITH SIX COUPONS 4/-

Send us your name and address and attach the coupons to your letter.

Our "Cash the Coupons" offer is a tremendous success! The chance of a lifetime to own the famous "John Bull" 5/- Pen, pocket a shilling, and receive a 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil FREE! Remember ONLY A LIMITED SERIES OF COUPONS WILL BE ISSUED.

(A1.) **JOHN BULL**

PEN COUPON VALUE 2d.

This Coupon will be accepted as 2d. in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Lever Self-Filling Pen, with which is presented **FREE a 2/6 Everpointed Pencil. Additional** Coupons in any number up to five (six in all), any dates, may be cut from "John Bull," and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six Coupons and p.o. for **4/3** (which includes postage and insurance). Pocket Clip, 3d. extra. Cross cheque p.o. "& Co." and make payable to "John Bull." State if fine—medium—broad nib required. **AVAILABLE UNTIL JULY 1, 1925.**

JOHN BULL Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2

£500

IN CASH PRIZES FOR USERS OF SPRATT'S DOG FOODS

NO ENTRANCE FEE.

You may win the first cash prize of £200 just by estimating the correct order of popularity on six coupons listing different breeds of dogs. Enter this fascinating competition to-day!

You can get two FREE coupons and an instruction leaflet from any corn merchant or dealer who sells SPRATT'S, or direct from the address below. The remaining four coupons will be found in bags and packets of Spratt's Dog Foods.

The cost to you is nothing—yet you may win £200.

See your corn merchant to-day. Full particulars can be obtained from—

SPRATT'S PATENT LIMITED,

"Favourite Dogs" Competition,

24-5, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.3

8/6 Secures a magnificent "CAPTAIN!"

I only ask you to send me a small deposit of 8/6 and I will send you an easy-running, well-built, beautifully-lined "CAPTAIN" for 14 DAYS' RIDING TRIAL, PACKED FREE AND CARRIAGE PAID. There are no awkward enquiries. You send your order and I guarantee you a straightforward deal. The "CAPTAIN" Cycle is SENT ON FIRST PAYMENT and on the distinct understanding that, if for any reason whatsoever the Cycle I send should prove unsatisfactory, you may return the bike within a period of 14 days, and the full amount of cash will be refunded. Could I make a clearer, more straightforward or fairer offer? I offer guaranteed-for-ever "CAPTAIN" Cycles from £4 18s. 6d. cash. My easy payment terms are the most generous ever offered, and they enable you to RIDE A "CAPTAIN" AT A COST OF LESS THAN 4d. A DAY. HIGH-GRADE, GUARANTEED - FOR - EVER "CAPTAIN" CYCLES FROM £4 18s. 6d. CASH.

FROM 98/6 CASH, CARR. PAID.

EASY TERMS FROM 2/6 WEEKLY

Write to me before buying a Bike. My FREE Books illustrate 35 "CAPTAIN" Models and Speed Mounts, also 20 grades of guaranteed tyres, thousands of accessories, and hundreds of articles in everyday use. Have these BIG BARGAIN BOOKS SENT TO YOU FREE.

WRITE NOW!

H. Fitzpatrick

52, CAPTAIN WORKS, BURNLEY.

LONDON DEFENDED

THE New Wembley is open.

All the wonders of 1924 will be eclipsed by the magnificence of the 1925 Wembley. Hour by hour, day by day, from May to October Wembley will pulsate with vivid life and new sensations.

Every evening this week, and until May 30, the greatest spectacular display of the century is being staged. "London Defended."

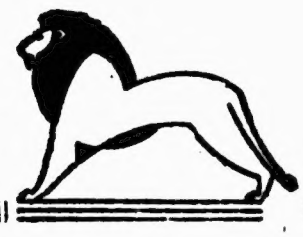
A stirring torch and searchlight spectacle.

Marching and countermarching by the Massed Bands of the Royal Marines, Royal Air Force, Metropolitan Police and the London Scottish Pipers. Thrilling displays of horsemanship by the Metropolitan Mounted Police, who will also give a Musical Ride and a novel "Maypole" Musical Ride. Aerial Acrobatics by illuminated aeroplanes of the Royal Air Force, and the defeat of an Air Attack on the Capital of the Empire by anti-aircraft guns and fighting planes. Fire fighting by the London Fire Brigade. Highland Dancing and Scottish Songs by a Choir of 200. With the Great Fire of London (1666) as a thrillingly spectacular Finale. (Covered Seats 4*s.* and 2*s.* 6*d.*, Uncovered Seats 2*s.* and 1*s.*, Upper Standing Terraces 6*d.*, and Lower Standing Terraces Free.) Tickets should be booked early from usual agencies or at the Stadium.

Come often this year to Wembley. Plan your visits to the City of Gaiety now!

Admission to Exhibition 1*s.* 6*d.*, *Children* 9*d.* (*Tuesdays till* 5 *p.m.* 2*s.* 6*d.* *Children* 1*s.*)

THE NEW WEMBLEY IS NOW OPEN



GRAVES

FINEST GRAMOPHONE VALUE IN THE WORLD

Horn less model with polished Oak Cabinet (16½ x 14 x 7½in) Powerful Silent Motor, Worm Drive fine quality Sound Box. Price £3:10:0

DELIVERED to approved orders for 5/- now, balance in monthly payments of 5/- if satisfied. Money refunded in full if you are at all disappointed.

CATALOGUE of new Models (Horn and Horniess) Post Free.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

5/- NOW

HIMROD'S
ASTHMA CURE

Gives quick relief from Asthma, Catarrh, Colds, etc.

4/6 a tin at all chemists.

This Book will save you £3 to- £5

Don't pay "fancy" prices to retailers. Order *direct from our works* a No. 400 Mead worth £8 8s. for £4 19s. 6d., or a No. 400A Model at **2/6 weekly.** These majestic machines are immensely strong, silent-running and speedy mounts. Materials throughout are first class quality. Both models are richly silver plated, exquisitely enamelled and superbly lined in delicate art shades.

Mead reduced WHOLESALE Factory to Rider Cash and Credit quotations for more elaborately equipped machines are proportionately moderate. Our new catalogue explains why.

Write for FREE copy TO-DAY. Also send for prices of the new Mead "Pacers" with FRENCH GREY FRAMES and Mead 'Sports' models with frame lugs beautifully embellished in bright red and gold ornamentation.

Over 23 styles and sizes to select from. Money refunded if unsatisfied. Factory-soiled cycles from 50/- Big bargains in midget Mead Cycles, Tricycles, Scooters for children

Post us your address NOW and within a few hours you will receive our beautifully illustrated Bicycle Book and special sample offers.

Mead

Cycle Company (Inc.) (Dept. C749), Sparkbrook, BIRMINGHAM.

Send for FREE Copy to-day

MASSIVE SOLID SILVER ENGLISH HALL-MARKED Capped LEVER WATCH

YOURS *for* 6D.

THE WONDER WATCH 10-Jewelled Compensated Non-Magnetic LEVER.

6D. DEPOSIT

Every JOHN BULL reader should secure one of these handsome watches. Heavy Solid Silver English Hall-marked case, with double engine-turned back and cap over movement, 10-jewelled non-magnetic compensated Lever movement (not affected by heat, cold, electricity, or self-magnetism). Dead accurate timekeeper. Bevelled crystal glass. Clear figures. Pen steel hands. Enamelled dial. Exactly as illustrated. Fully warranted 10 years.

FREE A Solid Silver English Hall-marked Double Curb Albert with Seal attached given free to every purchaser.

So sure are we that **You Will be More Than Satisfied** that we send this handsome Watch post paid upon receipt of **6d.** only. After receipt you send **3s.** more and the balance may then be paid by monthly instalments of **4s.** each until **42s.** is paid. Price cash with order or balance within 7 days, **40s.** only, Irish and Colonial orders cash only. Cash willingly returned if not absolutely satisfied and watch is returned within 7 days.

SIMPSONS (Brighton), Ltd.
Dept. 1328,
96, QUEEN'S ROAD, BRIGHTON, SUSSEX.

To Stop Eczema

The Germolene treatment is simple and sure. Healing commences immediately. If you suffer from Rash, Eruption, Eczema, or any painful or disfiguring skin trouble, it is your duty to yourself to try it.

MRS. ELSIE WOODWARD.

Mrs. Elsie Woodward, 10, Yew Tree Road, Wormholt Park, London, writes as follows:—"I feel I must tell you how grateful I am for your Germolene. For two years I suffered from weeping eczema in my hands. The pain and irritation were terrible, and the complaint persisted. However, I decided to try Germolene, and my hands immediately commenced to improve. Before I had used half a tin my hands were nearly well, and the relief from the pain I have endured is so great that you can imagine my gratitude."

SOOTHES AT A TOUCH!

Use Germolene for **Eczema, Rashes, Ulcers, Piles, Itching, Cuts and Burns, Skin Eruptions, Ringworm, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, and all Itching or Ulcerated Surfaces.**

AWARDED GOLD MEDALS AT FOUR LEADING INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITIONS.

HOME PRICES: **1/3** *and* **3/-** *Of all Chemists throughout the Empire.*

Germolene
The Aseptic Skin Dressing

George King

If you want a GOOD CYCLE write NOW for my Lists. Pounds below shop prices. Cash or Instalments.

Big Bargains in second-hand and reconditioned machines.

5/- MONTHLY

Rovers, Singers, Swifts, Humbers, Premiers, Court Royals, etc. From £3. 10s. Od. Cash. Lists Free.

GEORGE KING, Ltd. Dept. 59, Great Cycle Dealer, COVENTRY

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL

15 YEARS WARRANTE

LISTS FREE.

RUPTURE
NEW TREATMENT SENT ON TRIAL.

Astounding successes as proved by sworn testimonials and Medical press opinions.

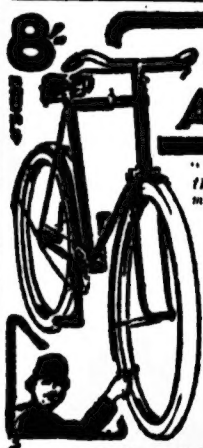
No matter how long ruptured this wonderful Scientific home treatment gives quick relief, stops Truss Discomfort, and frees the sufferer from restraint. No springs, lumpy, or hard pads.

Take the first step NOW. Call or write for Booklet "A," sworn testimonials and medical press opinions. Consultations Free. Expert Male and Female Attendants.

Le BRASSEUR SURGICAL MFG. CO., LTD.
(Dept. E.P.), 26, Sackville St., Piccadilly, LONDON, W.1.

Birmingham Branch: 90, Worcester Street. Works: Passy, Paris, France.

8/-



28,510 MILES ON AN ALBERT

"I have added another 5,640 miles to the credit of my 'Albert' Cycle, thus making a total of 28,510 miles," writes A. V. Green, Postman, Hillton Cottage, Carisbrooke, I.O.W.

ALBERT CYCLE

The tested and proved machine. Perfectly adjusted; double strength frame and finest fitments. Used all day and every day by Policemen and Postmen for OVER 20 YEARS. On approval at real bargain prices direct from Factory. *Art catalogue FREE.*

Est. 25 years.

YEWDONIA

SMOOTH MOTION BABY CAR. Safe, Healthy, Light and Warm. Wonderful value. ART Catalogue FREE. YEWDALL'S, 187, Cross Francis St., LEEDS.

Hair-Growing Discovery.

Many who were completely bald have grown a full crop of beautiful hair by using Kotalko. This contains real bear fat, juice of the rare pilocarpus plant and other potent ingredients from the Three Kingdoms of Nature.

A trial size box of Kotalko may be obtained by sending 3d. in stamps to John Hart Brittain, Ltd., 2, Percy Street (53 GF.) London, W. 1. Marvellous and speedy growth of hair has been reported even when baldness has existed for years.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWERS

STOP THAT HEADACHE

FREE TWO ZOX POWDERS FREE Mention this Journal and enclose 1½d. stamped addressed envelope. ZOX may be had from Chemists and Stores in 1/6 and 3/- boxes, or post free at these prices from THE ZOX CO., 11, Hatton Gdn., London, E.C.1.

WITH **ZOX**

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and beginners.—Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free. — Wolfson's Warehouse, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

A1 OFFER.—HOW TO START IN BUSINESS WITH £2.—Cheapest Wholesale Warehouse for Drapery, Hosiery, Boots and Clothing. Best house for beginners. Send for free catalogue.—H. Marks, 51, Houndsditch, E.1.

£2 LOT sells for £3. Make money selling Remnants, Prints, Hosiery, Travellers' Samples, etc. No risk. Money back if dissatisfied. Send P.C. for Free Guide. Worth pounds.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 6, Victoria Bridge, Manchester. Est. 1899.

DRAPERY Remnants, Cut Lengths (wholesale only); list free.—H. H. Clegg (Dept. J.B.), 96, High Street, Manchester.

WONDERFUL Value for small traders in Hosiery, Underwear, Blouses, Jumpers, Overalls, Shirts, Collars, Ties, etc. Illustrated Catalogue Free. — S. Mosco (Dept. J.B.), 8, Lever St., Piccadilly, Manchester.

GILLETTE BLADES, 2/10 pkt. of 10. "Neiso" Blades, 6/6 gross. List free. Razors, Fancy Goods, Job Lines, etc.—Steen Bros., 17, Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.

AGENTS WANTED.

"FREEMAN'S" Spare-Time Agency.—See Large Advt. on page 31.

SPARE-TIME Employment.—Reliable persons in regular employment are required to accept an agency to sell reliable goods, drapery, clothing, boots, etc., for cash or easy payments. Liberal commission and splendid selection. 30/- to £5 can be earned weekly. No outlay; no expense.—Dept. 19, J. Turner, 16, The Arcade, Grattan Road, Bradford.

ENORMOUS Purchase.—Tobacco Pouches, 6d.; postage, 1½d. Agents wtd. Every assistance.—Stamp. pars. Wilkinson, 30, Side, Newcastle-on-T.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

KNITTERS wanted to work Golden Fleece Knitting Machines at home; guaranteed wage for output; experience not necessary. Send 1d. stamp for prospectus.—S. B. M. Co., Dept. 19B, 91, Clarkenwell Road, E.C.1.

PART-TIME AGENCY.—Splendid opportunity offered persons in regular employment to sell Clothing, Boots, Drapery, etc. Cash or credit. Liberal com.—J. Holt (Dept. J.), 1, Paradise Lane, Blackburn.

KNITTERS wanted to work Imperial Knitting Machines at home. Good wages guar. Easy terms arranged. Stamp for pros.—Dept. 62, Imperial Hosiery Co., 97, Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1.

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE requires Acetylene Welders, Blacksmiths, Carpenters, Fitters, Motor Cyclists, Photographers, Tinsmith and Sheet Metal Workers, Wireless Operators and Wireless Mechanics. Age limits: 18 to 30. Also young men of superior education for training as Carpenters and Wireless Mechanics. Pay from 21/- to 38/6 per week on enlistment, and all found. Allowance for wife and children to men of 26 and over.—Write, stating age, or call: R.A.F. Recruiting Depots, 4, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2.; 41, Church Street, Birmingham; or 105, New Bridge Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

DO YOU ADVERTISE? Your advertisement inserted in 50 Provincial or London and Suburban Newspapers, 7/10; 25 Country, 2/6. Covering Wales, 3/8. Many others. Prospectus free.—Central Press (Series Dept. 60), 190, Strand, London.

START a Business in Drapery, etc., from £1 upwards. Special attention to Widows and Beginners. Write for advice and list H.—Levaine (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, E.1.

BUILD up a Mail Order Business without buying stock. Scheme endorsed by authorities. —Write, Noble Bros., Pelham St., Nottingham.

IF YOU SELL MAIL ORDER and your lines appeal to the "Million," describe them in these classified columns. One regular *JOHN BULL* Want.-ad. user writes: "*I would be sorry to manage a mail order business without it.*" Rate 8/- per line (about six words). Minimum charge, 24/-.—For further proof of the pulling power of *JOHN BULL* Want Ads., or in sending an ad., address Small Advertisements Manager, *JOHN BULL*, 57-9, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

BARGAIN SALES.

FREE CATALOGUE of Wonderful Bargains. Save Middleman's profit. Cycles, Tyres, Accessories, Household Labour Savers, Tools for Home and Garden. Send P.C. for fully Illus. list.—TOWNSHENDS, LTD., Dept. 67, Birmingham.

FLOOR COVERINGS. — Thicker than Cork Lino. Damp-proof, Rot-proof, Sanitary. For any kind of floor. 2/- sq. yd., car. paid. Send now for Free Samples.—C. Jones & Son (Dept. J.B.), 93, Borough Road, London, S.E.1.

BEDSTEADS, etc., DIRECT FROM FACTORY TO HOME. Latest designs in Metal and Wood. BEDDING, Wire Mattresses, Cots, etc., also Furniture. All goods sent Carriage Paid in perfectly new condition (nothing shop-soiled). Illustrated Lists post free. Cash or Instalments. Why pay retail prices? Established 35 years.—CHARLES RILEY, Desk 16, MOOR ST., BIRMINGHAM.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 8s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge, 24s.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

WALLPAPERS direct. Eclipse 1925 designs. Get free book. 130 patterns from 3d. per roll. —Eclipse Wallpaper Co., Hunslet Road, Leeds.

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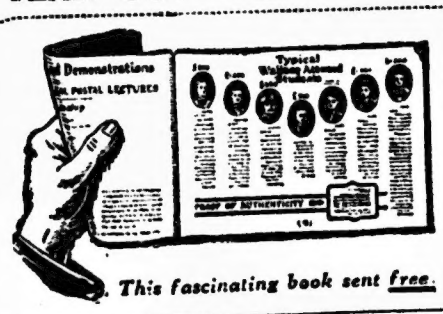

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Week ending Saturday,
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This Week—

The Earl of Denbigh, C.V.O., on "Granny Blocks the Way" .. .. .. p. 15

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Special Articles by:

The WORLD, *the* FLESH & *the* DEVIL

A Beginning at Last.
The Premier has been goaded into a pledge that this summer the country shall see at last the plans for some big things. "What's the hurry?" he says; "we're in for five years." But Widows' Pensions and Insurance form a beginning.

A Scrap of Paper.
A Labour M.P. who on Budget day found an Opposition seat annexed by a Conservative's card tore up the ticket in the Conservative's face. Till we treat Parliament with dignity our absurdly small Chamber will provoke such incidents on the rare occasions when members want to be there.

P.R. Again.
Liberal M.P.s do not lose their soreness over their meagre numbers in the House. Every sitting member represents 81,000 votes as against an average 19,000 for each member of the Government. We prophesy that more will be heard of proportional representation.

Dummy Members.
Despotic power of the whip is strongly resented in the House of Commons. Attempts at speech on the part of back benchers are systematically discouraged. Such turning of rule into misrule should stop. Coming men must have their chance.

Coy Caillaux.
What the new French Finance Minister says in private on Allied debts does not promise an easy settlement when he meets Mr. Churchill. M. Caillaux is likely to give us as little as he can.

A Safe Prophecy.
Sir Alfred Mond has recently prophesied a split in the Labour Party. Like the majority of his prophecies, this one was taken from the front page of John Bull.

Exchequer Secrets.
The rise in the value of sterling on the eve of the Budget gave pretty clear evidence that Wall Street knows the Chancellor's secrets before the House of Commons does. Where is the leakage?

Right as Usual.
As we prophesied months ago, Frank Hodges, ex-Civil Lord of the Admiralty, has been appointed Secretary of the International Miners' Association. If you see it in John Bull——!

The Trade Unions' Fear.
What the working-classes dread is the spreading attack on their hours and wages. Now it is the engineers' turn. With strong signs of rising trade employers should remember the Premier's appeal for an industrial truce.

A Memorable Report.
The Court of Inquiry on Weir steel houses (which included a trade union leader) delivers a reasoned denunciation of obstruction to new ways of production. The poor cannot become richer if every improved method must be made as costly as the old.

Bricks for Newcomers.
The latest building quarrel is not between masters and men but between trades. Say the old house-raisers: "Oo's that on the job over there? An engineer? 'Eave 'alf a brick at 'im."

Silly Tactics.
There's a sly attempt to induce the Government to make picketing illegal. It won't succeed. Mr. Baldwin has more sense than to substitute for order such a strong potential source of trouble.

The Men in Blue.
The cost of the Police Force, which in 1914 reached £8,024,698, has now a yearly total of £19,871,200. At the same time it is 5 per cent. under established strength. It doesn't all go in wages. Where's the leakage?

In "Their" Country.
On one day last year 43 per cent. of casuals relieved in casual wards were ex-Service men. Comment is needless. The facts speak.

Legal Muckraking.
We were glad to read Sir Hall Caine's chivalrous attack on the practice of introducing wholly irrelevant matters at trials. Muckraking of this nature is the worst possible, because it is protected by the law.

Breeding Bolshevism.
Makers of British ship-plates have been selling their goods abroad for less than the amount they demanded in England. No wonder there's ill-feeling among shipbuilders who see orders going abroad.

Indifference?
Only 30 per cent. of the total electorate took the trouble to record their votes at the recent L.C.C. elections. Yet the remaining 70 per cent. would grumble if their rates were suddenly increased!

WE PAY £250
DEATH BENEFIT
SEE PAGE 2.

As We Foretold.
The weeding-out process going on at Employment Exchanges is merely resulting in overcrowding at Board of Guardian offices. When will the Government realise that the only sound substitute for the "dole" is honest work?

Boycotting the Prince.
An attempt to boycott the Prince of Wales in South Africa is being made by certain sections of the native population. It is being financed by agitators in India. And it will fail.

Business—Unusual.
Crime records show 85 per cent. increase in cases of shop-breaking. Mostly due to flying night raids by motor bandits. The lonely bobby on his beat is helpless. We need new methods. Why not flying squads of night police?

Right the Wrong.
Over 30,000 women patients of unsound mind are detained in borough and county hospitals where no lady is included on the visiting committee. For decency's sake Mr. Neville Chamberlain must see that the inclusion of women visitors is made compulsory by law.

Medicine a Fetish.
The Lancashire Panel Prescription Bureau shows an increase of 289,000 medicines made up in the year. Doctors warn inveterate drinkers of medicine against the practice. Prevention of illness is better than cure.

Frozen Workers.
A number of Manchester factory girls complain that the room in which they have had to work has been bitterly cold for the greater part of the winter. The slackness with which the minor regulations of the Factories Acts are in some districts administered is a positive scandal.

Cleaner Food, Please.
In Australia meat is washed down with hot water and put into gauze bags before being removed by retailers. Both there and in U.S.A. it is illegal to expose it except behind water-washed glass. We prefer to keep it dust-blown, and pay the piper—in illness and hospitals.

Building on Sand.
The new Birmingham-Wolverhampton road, after two years' work and expenditure of hundreds of thousands of pounds, is threatened with subsidence over old mine workings. This—in spite of engineers' repeated warnings before the work was started. As only taxpayers' money is being wasted nobody cares.

We Do Advance.
The Ministry of Health is compelling Boards of Guardians to provide "*clean* warm water" for bathing each casual. Also it insists that tea and cocoa must be served "hot." All to the good. But how reluctantly some persons part with the idea that poverty is a crime to be punished! It is a disgrace to the community that endures it.

Problems of Life.

The Heart's Bounty

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

THE longer one lives the greater appears the mystery of undeserved love.

I do not mean merely love bestowed upon the unworthy, though that is common enough; I mean the affection we all receive without having to earn.

If we had to wait for love until we had kindled it by our merits most of us would be poor indeed.

But we don't have to wait. Long before we are conscious of anything in this world we are watched and tended with unremitting care by those who would make any sacrifice for us, even to life itself.

So it goes on as the years pass. Is there any one, however vile and degraded, for whom nobody cares?

There may be; but if so it is not because of his vileness and degradation. Love does not always consort either with pity or respect; it has its own unpredictable ways, for the human heart has depths unplumbed by reason.

HOW far too lightly we esteem this precious fact! We take it for granted like the air we breathe, without pausing to think of it as the miracle it is.

We do worse; we often sin against it by failing to accord it the reverence which is its due. There are none we can hurt so much as those who love us best.

There are cold and selfish hearts that bask in the heat of the devotion they receive and give nothing in return.

This is not always obvious to those about them. A pleasing personality may mask a nature that draws love as a bee sucks honey from a flower, but does not respond in kind.

LOVE is seldom equal on both sides of a fellowship. More commonly one loves more than the other, or perhaps one loves and the other absorbs love.

This is not true of sex love only, but of all love, even that of parent and child.

Rare and beautiful beyond description is the love in which souls mingle and become one, and it is never evoked without engaging all the powers of heart, mind and will. It enhances the faculties without exhausting them.

It is this that Thomas Hardy says "proves itself to be the only love which is strong as death—that love which many waters cannot quench, nor the floods drown, beside which the passion usually called by the name is evanescent as steam."

The WORLD, *the* FLESH & *the* DEVIL

Look Again.

The Lunacy Commissioners recently expressed their "surprise" that at the Menston (West Riding) Mental Hospital no night-dresses were provided for the women patients. If they enquire further they will find that many other asylums omit this simple requirement of comfort and decency.

A Call to the Church.

In common honesty the worker is entitled to an equivalent return for his service. So the Rev. E. Harrison preached at Bradford Cathedral. And a truth he should repeat to the Church Assembly. Many of the sweated workers of the Church have had to escape from money-lenders' clutches by way of the grave.

For Chorus Girls.

Mr. André Charlot is a theatrical manager with ideals. He has formed a club for chorus-girls in his company, providing them with cheap food, and free classes where they may study any branch of their art that will help them to the top of the tree. This kind of action will do much to remove the reproach from the profession. Other managers, please copy.

Suffering Seth.

Seth Simms, a mission leader now doing three months for leaving his wife in the lurch, is a great sufferer. He told the Doncaster Bench that he endured twenty years of silent suffering before he went off. He led a "blameless and Christian life." As Seth went to another woman we can't take his word for his spotlessness. In fact, he is a nasty hypocrite.

Looking for Trouble.

The firm of P. L. Smith, Ltd., of Farnborough, has notions of wages that will not commend themselves to the general public. It paid a traveller 45s. a week and 10s. a week expenses to go round collecting about £200 a week. The traveller got into trouble on this less than adequate wage. A road labourer in Farnborough, with no responsibility, gets 49s. a week.

His Good Deed.

A dog, trapped and starving in a disused mine-shaft, near St. Ives, has been rescued by Mr. Glasson, who, though over eighty years of age, insisted on descending the 50 ft. deep hole alone. Glasson is an old miner, and used to performing brave deeds. This one also showed his humanity to the lower creation.

A Grand Old Man.

A little old man, and bent with the weight of his ninety years, Mr. T. Penney, of Finchley, still comes to town every day and works at his desk for the same firm he has served for forty-seven years. He won't retire, and he likes to put in all the work he can for his wage. An object-lesson, and one all younger folk, who are prone to grumble, would do well to scan.

The Man with a Heart.

Dr. H. J. McCullich, recently appointed medical officer to Brighton Poor Law Infirmary, is not a mere routine official. Though Ivy Cole, aged twenty-five, had lain helpless for twelve years (ten years in the institution), he took nothing for granted. Within ten days of taking over her case he had her walking about the ward. He has literally restored this girl to the land of the living. The right man in the right place.

Another Increase.

The mother of a late private in the Devonshire Regiment, Mrs. C. Jenvey, 2, Inkerman Cottages, Middle Road, Lymington, had a pension of 5s. a week. Her case has been taken up by our Pensions Editor with the Ministry of Pensions, and we are glad to say as a result her allowance has been increased from 5s. to 10s. a week. Results like this continuing consistently are their own reward.

"The People"—
Life's deadly dull without it

A Pitiful Fate.

For five days William Tobson, a twenty-five-year-old farm labourer, lay starving in a barn at Becontree Heath, Essex, before his pitiful cries for water attracted the attention of passers-by. Some of the things which occurred in Christian England in the early twentieth century will make sad and strange reading in years to come.

Justice at York!

The York City magistrates, who inflicted a fine of £1 on a brute who kicked a puppy so that it had to be destroyed, fined a local confectionery firm (H. Knowlson & Co.) £5 for keeping a shop open a few minutes after time. The late Sir W. S. Gilbert wrote something about making the punishment fit the crime. We want another Gilbert.

House Full!

One-and-twenty human beings packed in a four-roomed cottage at Painthorpe, in the West Riding, are the conditions some hewers of coal have to endure when they come out of the dark depths of the mine to the surface on which God's sun shines. No wonder that babes die in their mothers' beds, or that Coroner C. J. Haworth says that such conditions would be disgusting even for Australian aborigines. What does he propose to do?

The Wicked Cinema.

Poor little poverty-afflicted bairns of Leigh, looking to summer-time and a holiday by the sea, robbed of a great and only joy, because pious cranks in their borough think that a magistrates' certificate for a Sunday cinema show, to send the kiddies away, is a passport for Hades. It is not to be granted, and, according to Alderman Smith, that is the view held by the county and borough magistrates alike. Poor kiddies! And poor magistrates when Peter comes to the gate.

The Soldier's Mother.

Found sleeping in a doorway in West Hartlepool, a poor woman, described as respectably dressed, gave a pathetic explanation. Her only son had been killed in the war, and all she had was a 10s. weekly pension. The mother of the dead soldier refused to go to the workhouse. The Bench sent her to jail—"in her own interests." Is this really the best that can be done for the mothers of the lads who laid down their lives for us in the Great War?

Not to be Tempted.

The Rev. W. Erskine Blackburn, of Renfield Street Church, Glasgow, is a parson who knows his job. He warmly repudiated the offer to sell the church site and make a handsome profit, saying the church stood not for cash but character. He thinks the centre of the city could not be better occupied than by a building with such a mission. It's a sturdy attitude to take up, and a lesson of which the world stands in need.

A Broken Record.

Mr. John Vaughan, of Sallow Vallets Lodge, near Lydbrook, has written to thank us for the paragraph in which we protested against his being put out of a Crown tenancy of a cottage at Dean without being given an opportunity of repudiating the charge brought against him. We give as a further reason for the reconsideration of his case the fact that he has paid rent there for thirty-six years, his father was also a tenant there, and his grandfather was a woodman at Yew Tree Brake Lodge there over a hundred years ago.

A Special Appeal.

We hope that Dr. P. Edward Deacon, of Hethersett, Norwich, will be able to reconsider his decision not to give any further medical attendance to Mrs. Bunn, of White Railed Cottage, Great Melton, until she has paid her account of under a pound. It is true this account has been outstanding for years and doctors, like others, must live. Mrs. Bunn is the mother of seven children, the eldest thirteen and the youngest one year. She is very ill. Her husband earns only about 30s. a week, which, after rent and coal, leaves very little for food and clothing.

Who Pays the Penalty?

A fitter's labourer, named Harry Henderson, of 166, Edith Street, South Shields, was killed at his work at Smith's Dock Co., owing to his brave effort to seize a shifting plank to prevent it from falling on the heads of his fellow-workers below. He did his part, faithful unto death. But the plank should not have been loose, and the firm admitted it was not customary to have them made fast. Now that a man's life has been sacrificed perhaps better precautions will be taken.

From the Canon's Mouth.

Canon Lancelot, Vicar of St. James, Birkdale, does not approve of women jurors. When unpleasant cases come up they would be "far better employed at home getting their husbands' tea." The reverend gentleman does not seem to know that in revolting cases a judge so arranges that jurywomen are given an opportunity to withdraw. Nor does he realise that women have rightly demanded to serve on juries, and that he cannot put the clock of women's progress back.

Money without Mercy.

Leicester Corporation is doing its best to bring discredit on the city. Employing an ex-Service man alternate weeks, it forces man, wife and child to live two weeks on one week's pay. Failing to make ends meet at Easter, when he only received £1 13s. 10d., this man applied for relief, but the officer, after remarking that he had "quite enough to live on," ordered him out of his office. Why don't the ratepayers order this officer out? He might then develop a little humanity.

Mayors as Mugs.

Councillor W. T. Collier, Mayor of Warwick, is the latest mayor to undertake to find an attractive bride for a correspondent in Canada, a job the dangers of which we have so often pointed out. A mayor who lets himself become a matrimonial agent is lowering the dignity of his office, and because he cannot check the character of the man overseas is exposing foolish girls to grave danger. Councillor Collier had better tell Daro Neal, of Peterborough, Ontario, to come over and do his own wife-finding.

East End Dole and West End Style.

At a meeting of the East Ham Ratepayers' Association, Mr. Ward told of a case in which people receiving outdoor relief had been found to be keeping a servant. This must be something like the last straw for the ratepayers of East Ham—to find themselves paying heavy rates to keep other people's servants. Those who have no servants themselves must find this particularly stimulating. But what about the officials whose business it is to see that the ratepayers' money goes into the right channels?

Whisky for Policemen.

Doncaster is another place where policemen are taught to lay traps for publicans. The other day two young police officers disguised themselves as mechanics, saying they had come a long journey by motor, ordered breakfast early in the morning at the Magdalen Hotel in the Market Place and, as it had been a cold night, they were supplied with some whisky at their urgent request. Apparently this kind of thing will not be stopped until policemen in such circumstances are convicted for consuming liquor out of licensed hours, or of conspiracy. These booby traps are very unsportsmanlike.

A Right Decision.

One good turn deserves another. Harold Page, milk roundsman, of Penton Place, Walworth, found a brute assaulting two women near Victoria Station. He promptly knocked the ruffian down and held him till the police came. Subsequently the police arrested Harold, too, for some money that he had not accounted for to his former employers some months ago. Mr. Francis, of the Westminster Police Court, realising that the police would not have traced Harold if he had not come to the rescue, bound him over on his promise to repay. Henceforth one hopes that Harold will always be on the right side.

The Milky Way.

Within an hour or two of the suggestion that official recognition might be accorded the London milkmen's strike, Messrs. Long and Pocock, dairy farmers, notified customers that milk would be sold over their counters, if fetched by consumers, at a reduction of 2d. per quart. Is this a tacit admission that milk is too dear? There would have been no strike if the men got as much for delivery.

A Pertinent Question.

We are receiving a great many letters from people who invested in last year's Derby Sweepstake, organised by the Otley Unionist Club. The sweepstake was stopped by the police, and Mr. G. B. Lomas-Walker was appointed by the Public Prosecutor to deal with the matter and return the money. Our readers complain that they cannot get their money or any explanation. We therefore think it time to ask, "Why?"

Our Warning Repeated.

Samuel Hudson, of Brixton, who threw sulphuric acid over his wife to make her "less attractive to others," has been sentenced to five years' penal servitude. His punishment cannot restore sight nor sightliness to poor Mrs. Hudson, but if her sufferings move the Government to action they will not have been in vain. The ease with which such terrible fluids as vitriol may be obtained is scandalous.

A Grave Scandal.

The Supreme Court of Judicature, which is under the Lord Chancellor, is advertising for clerks, who must be either barristers or solicitors or professional clerks in solicitors' offices, and must be between twenty and thirty years of age. With these professional qualifications they are invited to give their professional work for something like the wage of a scavenger. One of the Lord Chancellor's titles is "Keeper of the King's Conscience."

Dignity and Impudence.

That impudent Turf tipster, Percy Lloyd, 95, Addison Road, Guildford, continues to put on his touting circulars, "Honoured by Royalty." He has honoured us by an explanation. He sent Her Majesty the Queen a copy of a book he had written and received "a graciously worded message from Her Majesty"—no doubt the ordinary formal and stereotyped acknowledgment. He also says that his literature has found its way into the House of Commons. If it is anything like his impudent propaganda, it should find its way into the waste-paper basket.

A Mean Rogue.

A sentence of one month's imprisonment was not too much for Robert Norton, 32, Union Street, St. Philip's, Bristol, who drew three guineas a week from the local guardians by false declarations. His wife and son were both working, but this was concealed. Conduct of this kind is mean sneak thieving, and should be dealt with accordingly.

Investors, Beware.

The American flat-catchers who tried to plant the "green" English with the preposterous Ford "unit" shares are said to have left this country. They did not do the business they might have done had we not turned the light on them. Their methods, however, are being imitated, and personal canvassing is the latest dodge for pushing Ungava shares, a mining proposition in the Province of Quebec. There is no market in the Stock Exchange for these shares.

A Female Shark.

"Delmar Price," alias Mrs. "Brimble," whose real name appears to be Beatrice King Lucas, was recently bound over at the London Sessions after being found guilty of obtaining goods by false pretences from farmers. One reader, who supplied moleskins to this dishonest woman, now informs us that, after countless apologetic letters from her, he received a cheque that has never been met. To bind over such a systematic humbug is misplaced leniency.

Company Promoting Methods.

We recently criticised severely the action of the Industrial Issuing Corporation in issuing bonds of the Henslowe Bus Co., Ltd. It claimed to have safeguarded the capital by a policy with the Legal and General Insurance Society. We pointed out that there was no guarantee unless the premiums were paid in advance. The Legal and General has now invited the Corporation to correct its misleading statement. Lloyds Bank, whose name was also used in this prospectus, has made a similar disclaimer.

Not Quite!

A gentleman named F. T. Nettleinghame, who has figured in many shady and disastrous ventures—one, at least, in association with Roland Morgan, his father-in-law, an ex-convict—is busy just now in connection with quite a number of concerns. His notepaper is very alluring. It gives the names of six different companies of which he is stated to be proprietor. He could add a seventh by putting in "late of Rusticana, Ltd."—which he ran on the rocks with heavy losses to his creditors. But he is not quite so rustic as all that.

The Human Machine.

Tremendous Trifles

By E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

IT is not the big things of life that test a man's mental calibre. The real test of mental efficiency is the ability to keep a tight grip on the little things, to organise countless details into a smooth-working and harmonious whole.

If this is done successfully the big thing is achieved almost without effort. One might almost say that it achieves itself, for every big thing has countless little things from which it has been built up.

This is what marks the difference between the trained and the untrained mind.

Lack of system in the day's work, the continual worry because at the crucial moment the required letter cannot be found, work badly planned so that tasks overlap and valuable time is wasted—the accumulated irritation produced by these small things, unimportant in themselves but of tremendous significance in the mass, causes the mental engine to misfire and robs it of its efficiency.

THE great men of the world, no matter in what sphere they are found, are all of the same type. They are men who have a perfect passion for detail.

Nothing is too much trouble; nothing is so small as to be unworthy of their personal attention; and they have trained themselves to concentrate their whole attention on the matter in hand, no matter how trivial this may be.

Whatever they do they do with their might. They understand the psychology of the little thing.

The result is that they are spared much of the irritation referred to above. Their brains work with the splendid precision of well-ordered machines. Their whole mental energy, instead of being dissipated along a score of useless side-tracks, is directed down one main channel.

The result is that they "get there." They do the big thing well when it arises because they have learned to do the small thing well.

PHANTOM 'BUS SWINDLE

ACCOMMODATING CAPTAIN AND BUNKING CROOK

A Case for the Public Prosecutor

BOGUS 'bus companies appear to be at the moment the favourite medium for the people who live by plunder, and the facts revealed here show the way in which honest and hard-working people are imposed upon in preposterous motor-'bus ramps.

A reader of JOHN BULL, on his discharge from the Army—he was in the Mechanical Transport Corps—found some difficulty in getting suitable employment, and he therefore decided to use what money he had saved from his pay and gratuity to get employment which would hold out a good future prospect. His attention was drawn to an advertisement in a daily paper, which said: "Motor-'bus Driver required: invest £150, secured, returnable; good wages, share of profits. —Power, 124, Uxbridge Road, Shepherd's Bush."

'Bus-conductor as debenture holder

After answering this advertisement, the ex-soldier got into communication with a firm called Fred Power (Captain A. Duncan Ross). This firm, apparently owned by Captain Ross, states on its notepaper that it has been established twenty years, and is described as an Estate and Business Transfer Agency, etc., and "Agent for the Sun, Life and Fire, Guardian and Commercial Union Insurance Companies."

The ex-soldier thought that he was dealing with an established, careful and well-managed firm, and he received a letter from Fred Power, stating that the position offered was that of an omnibus-conductor, who was to invest £150, to be secured by 10 per cent. debentures.

It was added that the wages would be £5 a week for a seven-day week, with alternate Sundays off, and with an additional 2½ per cent. of the net profits of one 'bus.

Subsequently an appointment was made, and Fred Power—that is to say, Captain A. Duncan Ross—introduced the ex-soldier to the principal of the 'bus company. He turned out to be a gentleman named Sidney Moreton, who described himself as the proprietor of the New London Omnibus Co., at 229, Hammersmith Road, London, W.6.

Mr. Moreton appears to have been a very persuasive gentleman, and ultimately the ex-soldier agreed to invest the sum of £150. But he was not content to hand the money over to Mr. Moreton. He carried the transaction through under the auspices of Fred Power, who gave him a receipt for £75 on account of an agreed investment in the first mortgage debentures to be issued by the New London Omnibus Co. He paid another two guineas for the preparation of an agreement.

Sir Archibald Bodkin, the Public Prosecutor, whose attention we draw to this matter

Relying upon his legal position, the ex-soldier did not worry very much, and he signed an agreement with Mr. Sidney Moreton, managing director of the New London Omnibus Co. Now, in the course of that agreement, it states clearly that the £150 was advanced to the company on security of a mortgage debenture.

The missing Mr. Moreton.

No one can have a debenture until a company has been formed and is in a position to issue it, and the agreement is, therefore, obviously conditional until the company is formed.

After the agreement was signed, the ex-soldier found that there was no new 'bus on which he could be a conductor, so he began to get restive, and his restiveness was increased when he found it difficult to obtain an interview with Mr. Moreton.

He, therefore, approached Fred Power, from whom he got a letter which came upon him with the effect of a bombshell.

"I regret that I am unable," Fred Power wrote, "to tell you the whereabouts of S. Moreton, as I have not seen him for over two months."

This was a very bad blow to the man who had parted with his money, and he must be excused if he feels very strongly about the way in which Fred Power—that is to say, Captain A. Duncan Ross—had treated him in the matter.

He naturally believed when he was introduced as a client to Moreton by a firm which claimed to be established twenty years, whose bankers were the National Provincial and Union Bank of England, and who claimed to be the accredited agent of some of the leading insurance companies in this country, that this firm had reasonably satisfied itself that it was handing him over to somebody who was sound and reliable in the business for which the introduction had been made and for which, it is presumed, the introducer would expect a fee.

Preying on workless ex-soldiers

Had the position remained thus, the ex-soldier would have been justified in going straight to the Director of Public Prosecutions and asking him to take the matter up as a case of wrongful conversion of money held on trust. Unfortunately, ex-soldiers, in their anxiety for work, do not always realise the legal position of the negotiations into which they enter.

When Moreton was first asked for the money back, he offered to pay it back by instalments and induced the ex-soldier to sign an agreement accepting this—in other words, to exchange his right to institute criminal proceedings for the right to sue for a debt in a civil action.

Safeguarded in this way, Moreton disappeared. Letters addressed to him are now returned marked "Gone away." We have discovered that there are many other victims of this audacious swindle, and that the Hammersmith police have received a number of complaints.

Moreton's action is clearly a matter for the attention of the Public Prosecutor.

Spookery and Rookery

Charlatan who Laughs at the Law

SOME very foolish people appear to live in New York, and others in Philadelphia. We say this because a Miss Harvey has recently addressed meetings in both these cities on the topic she has made peculiarly her own, and has, it is stated, been received with applause.

One of her meetings was presided over by a Miss Tubby and the other by Mrs. Soule, which may be taken as symbolic of Miss Harvey's speciality.

Miss Harvey is the lady who runs a Nursing Home at Hulham House, Exmouth, where she is called "Nurse Rose." Into this home she takes people suffering from illness, and she treats them in a method which makes one gasp to hear about.

* * *

The dope she gave the Americans is the dope we thought we had long ago laughed out of existence.

What she told the credulous Americans was that, when the late Dr. Beale, a respectable practitioner of medicine, died, he made some sort of implied contract with her that when he got to the next world he would transfer to her the medical knowledge of which, presumably, he thought he would no longer be in need.

* * *

It may be that the Tubby-Soule Americans swallowed this remarkable claim. Perhaps Nurse Harvey did not tell them of the lady whose complaint she diagnosed as cancer after receiving a wireless message to that effect from the next world, or that it was afterwards discovered by mere mundane and earthly doctors that the disease was appendicitis, which was operated upon just in time to save the patient's life, and, we should think, to save a good deal of trouble to Miss Harvey.

We prefer to think that she told them how she works the oracle. She does not require to see the patient. Dr. Beale, from the next world, can do that for her. All she wants is some article belonging to the patient, such as, say, a pair of socks, which she reverently places upon her forehead.

This, it seems, has the immediate effect of waking up the late Dr. Beale in the Unseen, and of making him get busy on diagnosis.

Somebody once met Mr. Disraeli in the lobby of the House of Commons and said to him, "Mr. Gladstone, I believe?" "Sir," replied Disraeli, "if you believe that, you will believe anything." One may say the same thing of this crazy woman's spook cures.

But the point about it is that she charges real money for this fantastic and dangerous performance. We now learn that she has come back from America renewed in zeal to continue her great work. We think that the General Medical Council ought to see whether it is not possible to put a stop to her preposterous pretence that she is practising the healing art.

* * *

If she can get away with the explanation that she is not practising, but merely carrying out the instructions of a qualified though departed doctor, there is something wrong with the law.

In any case, Dr. Beale must not be allowed to practise for all eternity in competition with the mundane physicians who have families to keep and rents and rates and taxes to pay.

A Judicial Outrage

To jail in an ambulance

"IT was alleged that, on an alteration picking up an attaché case from a seat, he was assaulted by a number of men. Major Turner went to his assistance, and the evidence for the prosecution was that he was kicked and seriously injured." The above sentence is taken from a report of a fracas that took place at Wembley, as a result of which four people were sentenced to two months' imprisonment for assault. Behind this bald account lies a pathetic, human story. We propose to tell it here.

There is a woman, named Mrs. Danziger, who lives at 20, Leslie Street, Stepney, E.; with her live several brothers younger than herself. They are parentless boys, and she has brought them up from childhood with infinite care and solicitude.

Brothers fight for brother

Unhappily, one of these brothers is a weakling. From his birth he has had persistent ill-health. He is under-sized and puny—a little, delicate, malformed creature, suffering from a disease so debilitating that his thin arms are bent inwards towards the chest, practically rigid, with no joints in the elbow.

But he is a high-spirited little fellow and, appreciative of his sister's kindness, wished to return it and to do what he could to ease the family burden. Last year he went to Wembley Exhibition to try to sell some unauthorised guides, as a number of other boys, including his brothers, were doing.

It would have been all right had they confined themselves to selling these things outside the gates, but the other boys went inside, as ordinary paying visitors, and this crippled little fellow followed their example.

Several times the boys were warned off, until finally, on one occasion, an attendant came along and found this little chap sitting on a seat and beside him an attaché case containing the prohibited wares.

The attendant took up the case. The little fellow tried to hold it. His brothers came along and, seeing the weakling of the family in trouble, went to his assistance.

Now it is perfectly clear to us that, whoever assaulted the officials of the exhibition, it could not possibly have been this unhappy, broken and deformed weakling. He was at that time physically incapable of assaulting anybody.

A bedridden prisoner

Since then he has become steadily worse, and he is now bedridden and lies in a critical condition. No opportunity was given, when the case came before the courts, for evidence to be submitted as to his physical condition, though one would have thought it was obvious.

An appeal was made against the sentence on a technical ground, for the prisoners to be released. That appeal has been dismissed, and at the end of this week this poor little fellow is to be taken away to serve his sentence in jail.

His sister is distracted with grief at the thought that the little brother she has cared for so long may die in prison. It is a poor home, but scrupulously clean, and everybody in the neighbourhood shares the sister's anxiety and sorrow. If the police take him they may have to do so in an ambulance.

Is there no machinery of the law that can prevent this outrage upon decent feeling?

Race Gangs at Work

Rogues' Reign of Terror

MANY people thought, when we recently told the inner story of the rival race-gangs that are terrorising the country, that we were erring on the side of sensationalism. We were not. Fearlessly we were exposing a grave scandal.

What has happened since we warned the police? Many new tragedies have occurred to add to the already long list of race-gang crimes.

A man was sitting peacefully in a restaurant a few days ago in Upper Street, Islington, when two ruffians suddenly set upon him. He narrowly escaped with his life, and is still under medical attention. He was a member of the Aldgate gang, which is in opposition to the Sabini gang—the two powerful London gangs of desperadoes that are shortly to engage in open battle. His assailants were Sabini "boys."

Eurico Cortesi, who is a much-convicted race-gang pest, was last week slashed across the face and kicked in Gray's Inn Road. His assailant was a notorious member of the Sabini gang, supported by other Sabini "terrors."

Last Saturday George Kent was encountered in Euston Road by a gang of brutal pests—members of the racing gang. Kent, who was brutally assaulted, was a bookmaker who refused to bow down to their threats. He has been dangerously ill in University Hospital, Gower Street, W.C.

Knuckledusters, pokers and razors

The "Park" gang, of the provinces, are very busy just now. They work in alliance with the Sabini gang. The exploits of the "Park" gang have made them a standing menace to society. People of Sheffield are absolutely going in danger of their lives.

"Jock Plummer," otherwise William Plummer, of 42, Princess Street, Sheffield, had got into disfavour with the "Park" gang. As he was leaving his house, last week at night, he was set upon by eleven men who carried knuckle-dusters, bayonets, pokers, razors and carving-knives. These men leaped on him as he ran out of his house, waving a good-bye kiss to his wife and four little children (the youngest of whom is six weeks).

He was slashed on the face, in the legs, in the arms and in the abdomen. He was taken to the Royal Infirmary, Sheffield, but arrived there *dead*. The Sheffield police have been specially reinforced since.

Police reinforced after murder committed

One man rushed to "Jock's" assistance who evidently cared little for racing gangs when a man was being battered to death. His reward was a brutal assault by the "Park" ruffians, and he was taken to the hospital with frightful wounds in the face and a thumb nearly severed from his hand.

Two other men, in another part of the town—named John Fisher and Harry Proctor—were attacked by other members of the same gang. One was wounded, the other bashed with a broken glass.

There have been recent assaults in Bristol, Nottingham, Leeds and Cardiff. So the murderous game goes on. What is to happen? Are we to wait for more savage assaults, more murders, before public opinion is avenged by drastic action against these rogues of the Turf?

A QUICK-CHANGE CROOK

UNIVERSAL PROVIDER WHO DOESN'T

Hundreds of Housewives Victimised

THE constant endeavour of the law is, and should be, to outwit those who propose to enjoy life by living on the credulity of others.

An example of these endeavours is the Business Names Act, the object of which is to prevent people from trading in fancy names and concealing their own—a process which would be very helpful to them if they wish to evade their creditors.

The imperative need for such an act is illustrated in a very remarkable fashion by the story we propose to tell here.

At the beginning of this year we gave a severe castigation to a concern trading at 21, Port Street, Piccadilly, Manchester, under the imposing title of the "Dominion Trading Company."

We shall say more about the way this firm conducted its affairs, but the immediate point at the time was that we pilloried it for contravention of the Business Names Act, and drew the attention of the Manchester Police to its activities.

Money received, buyers deceived

The result was very gratifying. Immediately afterwards the proprietor of this concern, a Mr. William Currie, was brought before the Court, and fined a matter of £10 for offences in the way of not disclosing, in his literature, circulars, etc., that he actually was the person trading under this lofty title.

Now Mr. Currie is exactly the kind of man who ought not to be allowed to run his business from the background. He is a thoroughly unsatisfactory trader, and the more light that is thrown upon his practices the better for the community.

For years this man has been engaged in a sort of "cheap-jack" trade, in which he finds his customers by advertising throughout the provincial press.

As the "Dominion Trading Company," for example, he offered them astonishing bargains in new and part-worn Government stores, bankrupt and surplus stocks of every description.

Money poured in from all over the country, but complaints poured in, too—complaints from people who had often to wait for months for the goods for which they had sent their money.

If you can carry on business on these lines without complaint, you can finance yourself with the money of your customers. Mr. Currie, however, failed in even this astute ambition.

He did not finance his business adequately in any case, for he did not pay, in many instances, the wholesalers from whom he bought the goods he proposed to pass over to his customers in due course, or, rather, at long last.

Neither did he escape complaints. He got stacks and stacks of them. So did the Manchester Police. Our Special Commissioner, who has just investigated the position on the spot, has found that a considerable portion of the time of local police officers has been spent in looking into these complaints.

Sir Robert Peacock, Chief Constable of Manchester, whose attention we draw to this matter

They made innumerable calls upon Mr. Currie, asking him for an explanation. He always gave the same—delay owing to pressure of business, and that the complainant would shortly get his goods.

Consoled by the police

How this works in practice may be gauged from the experience of one of our many readers who have complained that they could not get their goods from Currie—who, by the way, is not only the "Dominion Trading Company," but is also associated with the Premier Supply Stores, Ltd., 29, Downing Street.

The particular reader referred to ordered a suit twelve months last Easter from the Premier Supply Stores. He could not get it, so he wrote to the Manchester Police, who replied that they had interviewed the manager, and the goods would be sent on November 3.

November 3 came, but no goods. A month later he again wrote to the police, and received a similarly consoling reply. Even yet he has not got his suit.

It may be that Mr. Currie can repudiate responsibility in this case. But if he is anxious to stop these complaints he might use his influence with Mrs. P. M. E. Currie, who is the chief shareholder in the Premier Supply Stores, Ltd.

The Premier Supply Stores, Ltd., was incorporated some two years ago, with a nominal capital of £1,000. It took over the business of Mrs. Currie and paid her £200 in cash and £500 in shares.

Currie's confidence-creating capital

According to the files at Somerset House the remaining shares have not been issued, except three £1 shares, for which somebody paid cash!

The capital on which this remarkable company started its complaint-studded career was, therefore, the reassuring and confidence-creating amount of 60s.!

Currie has been associated with another ill-fated venture called "Currie's Stores," at this same address, 29, Downing Street, Manchester. The proprietor of this was Frances Ada Currie, and when it ceased business William Currie wound it up. It had all the Currie characteristics—hot-stuff and slow delivery.

The Currie Troupe have put the clothing, drapery, and wholesale boot trades through a disastrous experience. Scores of judgments have been registered against the Premier Supply Stores, Ltd., but the hot-stuff Curries treat these with amazing coolness that almost suggests disdainful contempt.

Now he has spoken out in a new place at the same address. The trench coats and the boots and the drapery have gone from the window, and their place has been taken by poultry and eggs and other innocent and succulent pastoral fare.

But the more he changes the more he remains the same, and the complaints continue to roll up.

Currie has the greater reason to take the warning we now give him because he has previously come in contact with the law.

Nothing for Something

A Story with a Moral for Investors

THE Stock Exchange publishes a notice to the effect that members of the Stock Exchange are not allowed to advertise for business purposes, or to issue circulars or business communications to persons other than their own principals.

This, however, appears to be almost a secret, or at least the general public does not realise it.

This is perfectly clear from the amazing record of a man named George Henry Graham, an impudent rogue, who has lived for years on bucket-shop frauds. He has now gone to jail for four and a half years' penal servitude.

His method of working was simplicity itself. He prepaid a month's rent for a suite of furnished offices at Mitre Chambers, Mitre Street, Aldgate, and there he installed three typists. He kept them busy sending out printed circulars on which he was described as "Lampert, Graham and Payne."

* * *

His plan was to get a list of shareholders in solid and flourishing companies, and to write to them offering a block of shares at considerably under the market price. He had not got any such shares to sell, but that did not discourage him. He only wanted to get the money for them.

* * *

He wrote to a doctor in York, for example, offering him shares at £7 each, the market price of which was £8 15s. The good doctor, innocently supposing that he was dealing with a respectable firm which was selling shares for somebody who had to part with them cheap in a hurry, sat down and wrote a cheque there and then for nearly £300. Graham put it in his pocket, and never delivered the shares.

Several other victims were found in the same easy way. It is perfectly amazing that people should suppose that a firm, if it were respectable and experienced, would be so foolish as to sell for £7 something for which they could get £8 15s. by merely ringing up the nearest official stockbroker.

Having pocketed this money and the money of a number of other dupes, Graham handsomely paid his typists' full wages in lieu of notice, closed his desk and his office door and disappeared.

Now we will tell the public what sort of a person he was who purported to be the head of the respectable City firm of Lampert, Graham and Payne.

He deserted from the Army and shortly afterwards got six weeks' imprisonment for stealing. When he came out, he stole some more and went to Borstall for two years.

Then, after a short spell at sea, of which he tired, he got a job as a bank-cashier by a forged reference, and walked off with between three and four thousand pounds of the bank's money. He got twelve months' imprisonment.

* * *

When he came out, he went wrong again and got three years' penal servitude for cheque frauds. After that he promoted himself to the respectable status of a stock and share dealer.

When will the public learn to make enquiries before they entrust their money to outside dealers and bucket-shop keepers?

OUR APPEAL for a MURDERER

CONVICT'S PATHETIC STORY

Is Not Justice Satisfied?

WE are determined, if it is humanly possible, that Patrick Callaghan, now languishing unto death in Parkhurst Prison, shall be at least granted the only privilege that can be of any use to him now—the right to die in peace and freedom after the cruel and broken and tortured existence that has been his gift from Fate.

We have already appealed to the Home Secretary, giving the salient facts of this unhappy man's career. Nearly twenty years ago he was charged with the murder of a Preston merchant who was found dead in his warehouse, and who had been robbed of the paltry sum of £4.

Another man, Thomas Beardwood, stood in the dock with Callaghan, but the jury disagreed with regard to him, and found Callaghan guilty. Beardwood was again put on trial, and, on this occasion, he was found not guilty and discharged.

Hugging a comforting delusion

Shortly afterwards Beardwood was married and went to America. There he drops out of the story.

But before Beardwood crossed the Atlantic he told a fellow prisoner, whom he met while on remand, that Callaghan was innocent of the murder. This prisoner came forward and made a statement to this effect.

That is one of the amazing things about Callaghan's story. Those who knew him best have never lost their faith in his innocence. At the time of his conviction the people of Preston, where he lived, and was well known, made a public protest against his conviction.

It was, perhaps, due to this, and to the unusual step of a convict voluntarily coming forward to make, as a matter of duty and confidence, a statement in favour of a man he had never seen, that the Home Secretary commuted the sentence of death to one of penal servitude for life.

Our Special Commissioner has been in the North of England in connection with this case, and he has been surprised to find that, after all this lapse of time, the hard case of Callaghan is still a constant topic of conversation, and that belief in his innocence has survived the deadening effect of time.

In any event, Callaghan was taken to jail to face the tremendous ordeal of a life sentence. But he was encouraged by his steadily maintained claim that he was innocent, and by the belief that, his sentence having been commuted, there was an acknowledged element of doubt that would, sooner or later, lead to a proper reconsideration, and to his restoration to liberty.

For close upon twenty years Callaghan has hugged this comforting delusion in his solitary cell. Hope springs eternal in the human breast and, thank heaven, it can penetrate where even the sunshine cannot reach, into the dark den which is all there is of home to the convicted felon.

How has he comported himself in all these dead years? Like an innocent man and a gentleman unafraid.

He is gentle and long suffering and courteous. He is respected by the governor, befriended by the warders, and extraordinarily popular with his fellow-convicts. He is a devout Catholic, and never misses religious observances.

A'one with hope

He rarely speaks of his own case. Perhaps he thinks it useless to urge his innocence in the stifling atmosphere within prison walls. But he has often been heard weeping quietly in his cell, in the dark watches of the night, where he battled alone with the hope that always deluded him.

He has seen convicts come and serve their sentences, and go out again into the world of sunshine and liberty. He has seen them come back to serve further sentences and note him as a permanent feature of life in jail.

Time after time convicts, some of them well-known people, who have met this gentle, long-suffering creature in jail, promised on their release to do what they could for him.

E. T. Hooley, the notorious financier, whose own experiences in prison have burned into him, interested himself in this cause. So did Thomas Farrow, of Farrow's Bank, as they had both met him while serving their sentences. But Callaghan still languishes.

Quality of mercy is not strained

Members of Parliament are interesting themselves in this case, and it is likely that questions relating to Callaghan's future will shortly be raised in the House of Commons.

Many influential people in Preston hold the opinion that he is innocent of the crime and that, in any case, after eighteen and half years in jail, the Home Secretary ought at least to give him the benefit of the doubt before it is too late.

Callaghan is now over fifty. But the released prisoner describes him as prematurely aged, white-haired, bowed and broken, and suffering seriously from neurasthenia and gastritis.

As we say, he has been a model prisoner. He earned, by his first four years of unblemished conduct and conscientious work, the precious right to mix for an hour a day with other good-conduct convicts.

Since then he has earned the still higher award, the highest possible for a prisoner, the right to the tragic award of 5s. a month to be spent in such little comforts as may mitigate the agonies of a living death.

He has relatives who have never failed to write to him whenever permitted in all these years, and who are willing to help him if he is released.

His ex-prisoner friend has written to send him a message of hope, which has been returned as unsuitable for the prisoner to receive!

Is this the end? Is the Sword of Mercy to break in the hand, against the iron bars of a prison tomb?

Harp-Strings and Fiddlesticks

Judge Rutherford's Albert Hall Blether

JUDGE J. F. RUTHERFORD, Brooklyn, N.Y., ex-politician and Prophet-in-Chief and Grand High Leather Lung of the International Bible Students' Association, seems to think that the British public is unable to distinguish between true religion and rank humbug.

Commencing at the Albert Hall, he has recently stumped the country proclaiming that "millions now living will never die." Successor to the famous Pastor Russell, he has also published a vast amount of literature purporting to prove from Biblical prophecies that the millennium will take place in a very few years, and the souls of departed will be resurrected.

* * *

If the programme is as outlined in the Judge's literary balderdash, we hope we are overlooked when the resurrection takes place. His latest book, the "Harp of God," divided into "strings" rather than chapters, is almost blasphemous in its absurdity.

In "String 10," for example, we find the following:—

"Funerals are now the order of the day . . . But under the new order of things funerals will cease, undertakers will seek a more pleasing employment, and the hearses will be changed from vehicles of sorrow to equipages of pleasure."

Rather than be offered trips to Brighton in a hearse turned charabanc, we prefer that our bones rest in mother earth.

* * *

Judge Rutherford, like Pastor Russell before him, is nothing if not specific. Not that he is so reckless in tying himself down to dates, for, since 1922, when he announced the beginning of the end for 1925, we do not recall his forecasting a definite time-table of events.

But he has it all worked out. "Some may think there will be not sufficient room upon the earth for all the restored ones," he says. Making a rough estimate of the births and deaths certificates since they were recorded on stone five or six million years ago, we felt inclined to agree.

Apparently we were miles out in our calculation. Judge Rutherford states that "according to the best authority," whom we presume to be Chief of the Statistics Department of the Bible Students' Association, "there have lived and died about 20,000,000,000 people.

"In order to be liberal," he adds, "let us suppose that all the human race will total 50,000,000,000.

"As a suggestion that there will be ample room for all on the earth, let one take his pencil and divide the area of the State of Texas by 50,000,000,000 and he will find that that number of people could be placed in the State of Texas alone, giving each one about 146 square feet of land upon which to stand."

Fortunately we are not all to spend eternity in Texas. When we are spread over the Sahara Desert, Clapham Common and several other arid regions which have been made to "blossom as the rose," there will be room, even for allotments, with vines and fig trees.

* * *

Reading on, we are almost tempted to withdraw our protest against the suggested outings in hearses, for the judge has some hopeful promises on the housing question.

"No more will the poor be vainly hunting for a habitation or fleeing from greedy landlords," he says, and "there will be no secret service men."

As the International Bible Students' Association may also have vanished, there is something to be said for the impending change.

Shylock and a Shark

Bailiffs in—Threats out

"I WISH I had written to you months ago, but my wife and I have been so ashamed that we have kept it a secret between our two selves." This is an extract from a letter sent to us by a reader of JOHN BULL who has been foolish enough to get into the hands of moneylenders.

We regret no less than he does that we are too late to extricate him from the difficulties into which he has fallen, but we publish this story because it may help others and at least show up the utterly heartless and wicked way in which these sharks relentlessly and unmercifully bleed their victims.

Four years ago our reader's sister-in-law and her husband decided to go to Australia and, as a preliminary, wished to sell their furniture. For sentimental reasons, which can easily be understood, our reader and his wife desired to keep some of the furniture in the family instead of letting it pass into the hands of strangers. But they had no ready cash. The husband, however, was in a good position, earning good wages, so he foolishly decided to go to a moneylender.

Shylock was quite agreeable. He made a very good bargain, and he advanced £30, to be repaid at 15s. a week. These weekly payments continued until the gentle Shylock had received £47 for his £30—a very handsome transaction.

Persuaded to have another one

When that loan was repaid, the borrower was persuaded to have another. The business of paying off 15s. every week had left him short, and the considerate Shylock, having thought that this might be the case, very kindly offered him another loan. This time, the borrower took £35 and paid it back at the rate of 17s. 6d. a week, until Shylock had got back £52 for his £35.

Exactly the same thing happened when that was paid off, and a further loan of £40 was taken and repaid at £1 a week, until £60 had been returned. The vicious circle was not yet complete. Another loan was granted, this time of £45, to be repaid at £1 a week. After £27 had been repaid on this loan, the borrower fell on hard times and had to pawn some of his possessions to find the money to keep up his payments to Shylock.

At this time, the position was that the borrower had received £150 and had paid back £186, so that Shylock was £36 to the good. In these circumstances, one might have thought that Shylock would have knocked something off the remaining debt. He did not, but he agreed to reduce the instalments from £1 a week to 10s. a week. In this way he got from the borrower another £20.

Wanted his pound of flesh

The situation then was that the first three loans had been repaid at a very handsome profit to Shylock. On the last loan of £45 the borrower had paid back £47 10s., which was £2 10s. over the principal. Shylock was safe, but he wanted his pound of flesh.

There was still a balance owing to him. So on Christmas Eve he put the bailiffs in for £28 10s., plus their fees. The bailiffs stripped the house, but even that was not enough. Shylock is now threatening the borrower with legal proceedings.

Shylock's name is L. Simans, 22, Lord Street, Liverpool.

The Yellow Octopus

Chinese rascals' latest dodge

RECENTLY, after a long silence on the subject—although in the meantime our investigations had been steadily pursued—we revealed the fact that Chinatown had resumed the activities that have made it notorious, and we warned the police that the drug traffic was about to be resumed on an even more audacious and extensive scale than before.

The police have found confirmation of our warning in the astonishing discovery in a house in the West End of London of a large trunk containing sufficient poisonous drugs to kill tens of thousands of people.

The Rotterdam police last week also seized a consignment of dope valued at £15,000!

In Rotterdam there is a branch of the Chinese Secret Society which controls the pernicious traffic in drugs, and if the International Police probe this matter thoroughly they ought to get on the track of the confederacy of whose resumed activities we gave them the first hint.

Back from China to Chinatown

We can tell them also that Lily Brentano, the unscrupulous "Dope Queen," who, after an exposure in these columns, was arrested in the West End about a year ago, has returned to Chinatown, where she is now living with a Chinese named Lum Fong, in Pennyfields.

It was thought that her imprisonment might cure her of her addiction to drugs. That hope has been frustrated, and she is as busy as ever peddling the soul-destroying stuff.

Incidentally, we invite the police to keep their eye upon a Japanese, who lives in the West End, and may be seen nightly in Charlotte Street, in the company of women well known to be addicted to drugs, and whom he is supplying almost openly.

There is renewed activity, too, in Liverpool. The other day, Hu Wond Su, a man who had been deported and who had returned in another name, was sent to jail for three months.

An even more notable case was that of Lum Loy, who was a property owner in Pitt Street, and was deported for dealing in opium.

When he was supposed to be safe in China, a detective met him walking down Pitt Street!

Inspector Howard, who has had great experience in dealing with the Liverpool Chinese, said he could not tell how these people got back, but he was resolved to find out.

We can tell him. When a deported Chinese arrives home, he goes to the serang of any vessel with a Chinese crew bound for this country. He pays him a few dollars.

Master minds behind dope traffickers

Then one of the crew deserts, and the late deportee takes his place, and promptly disappears when the ship arrives in England!

There is, at present, an organised traffic in smuggling Chinese dope-traffickers to this country after they are deported. Hu Wond Su and Lum Loy are only two of scores of deported rascals who have been landed back here secretly by the master minds behind this sinister trade, when the records at the Home Office show them as being safe and secure in far-away China.

It ought not to be beyond the ingenuity of the police to end this scandal before it gets completely out of hand.

MESS AND MUDDLE

ASTOUNDING AIR FORCE EXPOSURES

Thousands of Pounds Wasted

AS youth is the period of indiscretion, we suppose that the muddle, incompetence and waste that characterises the Royal Air Force must be attributed to the fact that it is our youngest department of defence. This is poor consolation to the tax-payer from whom Mr. Churchill is asking for another £15,513,000 to foot the Air Force Bill. Nor is the temper of the tax-payer sweetened by the knowledge that this stupendous figure could have been avoided had the administration been on the usual business basis that obtains with any ordinary shop-keeper.

Last week we exposed cases in which the tax-payers' money was deliberately defrauded from within the Air Force. It appears, however, that the Force has had to suffer from the depredations of fools as well as rogues.

It generally falls to the lot of one of the least experienced officers on the General List to take charge of the messing arrangements at the various air stations. With respect to the catering, "any old thing will do."

At those stores where "any-old-thing" is the messing officer, the messing is poor, and the food cooked badly and served worse. Day after day the men have to go on short rations. And yet the scandalous, if not suspicious, fact is that there is an enormous amount of waste foodstuffs which is sold to the swill merchant.

Paradise for quarter-masters

Victualling in the Air Force is not only bad in execution; it is equally bad in conception. The system has been transferred from the Army; it is the same bad old hotch-potch, happy-go-lucky methods that enabled quarter-master-serjeants to become literally wealthy.

At one large depot, for instance, the ledgers had got in such a frightful mess that on the completion of stock-taking it was absolutely impossible to make the stocks and the ledgers agree in any respect. In desperation, the authorities have had to defer the whole matter until the end of next year in the hope that twelve months of "adjustments" will succeed in straightening out the mix-up.

The general condition of the store accounts at this particular depot is thoroughly unsatisfactory, but that depot is not unique in this respect. So dubious are a considerable number of accounts from various other stations that no one in authority will pass them.

We are in the position to state that it is not at all unusual for discrepancies to be discovered at stock-taking. In one case there is a deficiency of £10,304, and this, we are calmly assured by the Air Ministry, is "attributed mainly to the inexperience and frequent changes of the personnel employed." The tax-payer will think £10,304 is rather a stiff price to pay for inexperienced labour.

Added to the food troubles of the airmen is a housing problem even more vexatious than in civil life.

In theory, accommodation is provided at each station for the wives and families of airmen who are "legally" married in the Service meaning of the word. No man may get married before he is twenty-six; if he has a wife before he reaches that age she is not recognised as such by the authorities, and the man is treated as single as far as financial or housing matters are concerned.

When he reaches the age of twenty-six he is old enough to be married, according to the mid-Victorian ideas of the Air Ministry. After waiting a very long while he is placed on the married roll and becomes entitled to married quarters. For these he has to pay one shilling per day.

An equivalent that is not

If, however, no such accommodation is available, the man is granted a "money equivalent." Unfortunately for the man, the Air Ministry has a peculiar idea of the meaning of the word, for its "equivalent" of 1s. a day is 3s. 6d. a week, less deductions. What accommodation it expects its airmen and their families to get for 3s. 6d. a week the Ministry discreetly omits to state!

The Rt. Hon. Sir Samuel Hoare, Minister for Air, who should appoint a Committee of Enquiry

Not that the accommodation it provides is worth any more. The married quarters are, in most stations, badly built huts which were jerry-erected during the war.

Most of the huts have concrete floors, cold and damp, with the result that the health of the men (to say nothing of their families) is continually in peril. Heating arrangements are deplorably inadequate, but even the facilities for heating are greater than the supply of fuel.

Henlow Station, Bedfordshire, is supposed to be one of the best for married men—in which case the worst must be terrible. The station strength is about fifteen hundred men, of whom two hundred are married. But there is only accommodation for twenty-seven of the married men.

Of one squadron of sixty married men only one has been provided with married quarters. The difficulty of the rest is "overcome" by letting the men get lodgings near the camp. For this they receive the "money equivalent" already mentioned. How many landladies would provide lodgings for sixpence a day?

Moving-day worries

At one station, where there are fifteen hundred men, no fewer than two thousand movements of airmen were made in a year. The married men involved were put to great and unnecessary hardship, for with the prevailing shortage of houses they find it impossible to get lodgings.

It may be that a moved man has been in lodgings drawing the "money equivalent" of 3s. 6d., and when he is transferred it is to find that there are no married quarters available at the new station either. His name goes on the waiting list—always a lengthy one—but until he gets those quarters, his wife stays on at the lodgings obtained while stationed at the previous camp. *But the "money equivalent" is stopped!*

As a matter of fact, payment has never been the strong point of the Air Force. There was a time when the pay system got into such a state that 75 per cent. of the men of one large station were driven to despair. It was only when the situation became ugly by reason of the mutinous attitude of the men that matters were improved.

A new pay system was introduced, but the instructions were so confusing and ambiguous that many serious accountancy mistakes were made. The losses that the tax-payer has to meet, and which are due not to theft, fraud or arson—and, therefore, obviously due to incompetence—amount to £107,590.

The introduction of this new system, which is anything but fool-proof, provided ideal loopholes for losses. These amount to £28,647, and when faced with this the Ministry coolly explains that it is due to the introduction of the new scheme of accounting, the shortage and inexperience of staff, the frequent moving of stores and staffs, and the "omissions to enter transactions in the stores accounts."

Gilt-edged foolishness

At one station the deficiencies had so serious a character that the commanding officer was relieved of his command and has now left the Service. Disciplinary action was also taken in another case, where the deficiency amounted to £513, but as all that could be recovered from the guilty persons was £15, the tax-payer must be grateful for small mercies.

It appears that owing to the confusion caused by the new system serious accountant errors were made. The result was that the men were suddenly told that they had been receiving too much in pay, and were commanded to refund sums varying from £10 to £40.

Over-issues of pay to officers and men have accounted for thousands of pounds, and this has not been recovered in many cases. One officer received £134 10s. more than he should have done and managed to retire after he had only returned £86. Another man received £570 owing to the fact that he had received his pay twice. He got away with this completely.

The heroes' reward

Behind this system of blunders and chaos is the mental attitude of the authorities, who appear to have no regard for the personal welfare of the men. When Lieut.-Commander Booth, the gallant skipper of the R33, was summoned with his men to the Air Ministry to receive official congratulations on their recent exploit, they were very discourteously received. They waited outside Adastral House for nearly an hour; no one seemed to know what they were in London for—no one seemed to care.

After standing on the steps for over three-quarters of an hour they were ushered into the Presence. That high official thanked them "in the name of the nation," after which they were turned adrift, lonely in London, to while away the remaining hours of their leave as best they could.

We call on Sir Samuel Hoare, the Air Minister, who has already exhibited his genuine regard for the men, to appoint a Departmental Committee of Enquiry into the domestic arrangements and internal economy of the Force. Until this is done, the public will remain as righteously indignant as they will be righteously restless when we proceed to expose the grave technical weakness of the third arm of defence.

The Sentence of the Court

WINNIE'S WANGLE

The Chancellor's Duty and his Duties

by HARRISON OWEN

WITH a smile like that worn by the tiger on which a notorious young lady of Riga went for a ride, Winston Churchill pleaded "Not guilty" when charged with causing a breach of the peace (of mind) of British consumers.

Mr. Watchdog, K.C., explained that the charge was founded on certain proposals incorporated in the Budget. The restoration of the McKenna Duties, the virulent infusion of imperial preference, and the imposition of duties on silk and hops, plainly represented an attempt to sell the consumer a Protectionist pup on the instalment system. The accused had changed his political coat almost as often as his style of headgear, but few expected that the man who once "banged, bolted and barred" the door to imperial preference would bring in such proposals, particularly after having given a pledge that during the present Parliament no avenue would be opened for a protective duty except through the Safeguarding of Industries Act.

"THE duty on silk, artificial as well as real," continued counsel, "will increase the prices of various articles of dress now within the reach of small wage-earners, and it will be surprising if, despite assurances to the contrary, the attempt to enforce by means of a tariff the injunction, 'Abandon hops all ye who enter here,' does not increase the price of beer. All the Chancellor's concern has been for the well-to-do, rather than for the well-and-truly 'done.' This is shown by the fact that out of a reduction in taxation of £36,000,000, no less than £31,000,000 goes to super-tax and income-tax payers."

* * *

Mr. Strawsplitter said that the preference proposals had been hailed with delight in the Dominions. No Chancellor could please everybody, including a horde of working-class nobodies, but his client had tried to please as many people as possible by helping super-tax payers, income-tax payers, and manufacturers of mouth-organs, gramophone records, and glass eyes for dolls, all of which important industries came within the scope of the McKenna Duties.

* * *

"COUNSEL may talk of what the prisoner has done for super-tax magnates and Dominion producers," remarked Mr. Justice Bull, "but what has he done for our own wage-earners? He has merely 'done' them in the eye, by offering them the prospect of paying for new insurance stamps, and buying sugar at its present price for the next ten years. By providing that the sugar preference shall remain in force for this period, he automatically deprives the consumer of any hope of a reduction of the duty on non-imperial sugar. I doubt if an assurance that she is helping to consolidate the Empire will bring much joy to the housewife who, when she tries to read her fortune in her tea-cup, gains no more inspiring information than that she is a true imperial patriot who is adding to the fortunes of wealthy overseas sugar-growers.

"This flirting with Protection under the *nom-de-stunt* of imperial preference means that sooner or later we shall be involved in food taxes on a much larger scale—the sort of 'scale' against which the electors recently returned an emphatic verdict. A man who has shown so little sympathy for his poorer countrymen cannot expect sympathy from me, so I direct that an *ad valorem* duty of 25½ per cent. be imposed on all imported hats consigned to No. 11, Downing Street."

Not for Publication

EXILED MONARCHS

Getting Ready for the Next?

by "CENSOR"

FOR a while we are going to hear a lot in the papers about our friendship with Japan. Fitting excuse for it will be found in the arrival of the Prince Regent's brother over here shortly for a two years' stay. In this way are major events camouflaged by minor ones.

At least three members of His Britannic Majesty's Cabinet are perfectly well aware that an agreement is about to be reached between Russia and Japan, in which the latter will be given an absolutely free hand in Manchuria and Korea. This, as those Ministers have been warned, will develop in the course of the next few years into an offensive and defensive alliance between Japan and the Soviet.

The truth is that Japan has now definitely decided upon a giant endeavour to league the East against the West. No amount of diplomatic talk has been able to convince her that the American naval manœuvres at Hawaii do not constitute a threat of war; and our base at Singapore has clinched the matter.

So the visit of Prince Chichibu "to pursue his studies in this country" will merely be one more experiment in the art of diplomatic dust-throwing. And the visit of our Prince George to Japan will be another!

* * *

NOW, here is a strange affair. I have it on the most reliable authority that Hindenburg has received the official congratulation of the Soviet on his success. This looks very much as though Russia would like a secret understanding with her Western as well as her Eastern neighbour, a theory that is supported by the presence of large numbers of Russian technical experts in German factories. I shall be able to let you know a little more about this in a few weeks.

* * *

BUT Russia, Japan and company are not our only immediate worries. Baldwin and Amery are doing their level best to bear up against the latest blow from Canada. It has come in the form of a memorandum from the Immigration Department, and it says, in effect, that further emigration from this country to Canada should be discouraged—unless we can capitalise a scheme for the cultivation of large tracts of now-barren land.

The Colonial Secretary is almost beside himself with anxiety. He's certainly in an awkward fix, and I don't envy him his job when the facts come to light and he is subjected to a barrage of cross-questions from infuriated M.P.s, who have assisted their constituents to swell the ranks of the unemployed in Montreal.

* * *

BY the way, the heads of Government Departments are getting very obstinate in the matter of holding up information. I wonder if my activities are putting the wind up? But I have sources of which they'll never dream, so they'd better give me up as a bad job.

One of them has lately been caused a certain amount of uneasiness. He will probably have a fit when he reads this and learns that the secret is not only his. Briefly, a certain Spanish visitor to England has just been negotiating the purchase of a large country-house.

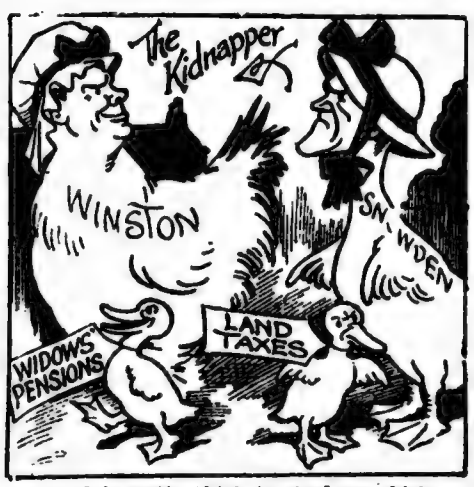
The house is not for him—no one is quite certain who it is for—but it is being taken in his name. Putting two and two together, our worthy and worried official makes "another exiled monarch" out of it.

H.M. King Alfonso.

The signs are certainly ominous. For within the last few weeks King George despatched a personal invitation to Alfonso to visit England. It has been regretfully declined.

Cartoonettes and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND



"It's pretty thick to steal my chick
And claim to be its mother!
But why don't you adopt the two
And take her little brother?"

Back to the shore! The tide once more
Its steps is now retracing,
And Yank Finance begins to dance—
He finds those sands "so bracing."

Some people say that pigs don't pay,
But we think they're mistaken;
Where land is cheap they earn their keep
And also "save our bacon."

We quite admit things look a bit
Well—shall we say alarming!
But what is queer, the sprinter here
Is paid to do "snake-charming."

GRANNY BLOCKS THE WAY

ALTHOUGH forty-eight countries throughout the world have adopted the C.O.D. system, Great Britain continues to lag behind. This antiquated policy hinders trade which would give employment, and which would lead to the use of land that at present remains uncultivated

by The EARL OF DENBIGH, C.V.O.

THE post offices of forty-eight countries throughout the world possess the organisation known as the C.O.D., or Cash-on-Delivery system, and the peoples of these countries, from the producer upwards to the consumer, are unanimous in praising its efficiency and welcome the advantages it has to offer, both to those who have something to sell and to those who have something to buy.

Great Britain, so far as the home market is concerned, has not the C.O.D. system. But it has unemployment; it has countless producers who cannot sell their goods, and it has an army of consumers who would gladly buy—if only the opportunity of doing so, at a reasonable price, was placed within its power.

Despite the offer recently made by Viscount Wolmer, on behalf of the Postmaster-General, to instal the system, the Post Office itself must bear the blame for the backwardness of England in this direction.

Not a word has, till recently, been said as to the merits of the C.O.D. system, and when Viscount Wolmer decided to break silence, he did so before a trade organisation, the Associated Chambers of Commerce, whose conservatism made them take a divided view on the subject.

Postman wipes out the middleman

By its simplicity in practice, the C.O.D. has everything to recommend it to the public, because it supplies the individual buyer and individual seller with the type of organisation that is at present enjoyed only by the great trading organisations.

When once the would-be purchaser and would-be seller have come into contact, by newspaper advertisement, by private letter, or as a result of long-standing knowledge of each other, all that is needed for a sale of goods is for an order to be given by the buyer to the vendor.

The vendor delivers his produce at the nearest post office, states the value of the parcel, and the post office does the rest. The purchaser receives delivery from the postman, pays over the money due to the vendor, who receives in due course his remittance.

The advantages to the nation of such a system are obvious in certain directions, and would have a more far-reaching effect on national prosperity than is apparent at first sight. With the dole so prevalent as to be a disgrace to the machinery of modern civilisation, new avenues of useful and economic employment would be opened up to thousands of reliable men in this mere work of distribution.

Every trader, again, would see an immediate extension of his possible market, and in so far as his goods were of reasonable quality, of reasonable price and of the kind desired by the consumer, they would enter the houses of the public without the expensive intervention of the middleman.

Fruit allowed to perish and rot

Any middleman, who exists to serve instead of to exploit the public, would also gain, because his markets would be extended beyond the narrow limits which, at present, he is able to cover. But, over and above all, the small producer and the small consumer would reap the richest harvest for the post office enterprise.

Food to-day in the British Isles is far more expensive than it should be, because of the colossal cost of marketing. If apples or strawberries are plentiful, the consumer does not benefit from this fact, for the simple reason that the great traders see to it that the prices in the markets are upheld, and fruit is allowed to rot on the ground rather than permit of the price to the consumer being reduced.

It is in connection with the price and quality of food, and in connection with work and the land, that the C.O.D. system is of special interest.

From the farm to the kitchen

Already to-day enterprising growers are doing their utmost to get into touch with individual consumers, and the railway companies are conveying, week by week, parcels of fruit and vegetables direct from the farm or small holding to the kitchen of the town-dweller. This system of distribution, beneficial as it is, is only a clumsy variation of the C.O.D. system.

The Earl of Denbigh

The lessons of the Great War are already being forgotten, bitter though they were, especially to the aged or infirm. The war proved that English soil fertilised by English labour could produce much more food than is produced on it at present; but to-day the smallholder is discouraged because, when he has wrestled a return from his holding, he finds that his legitimate profit is absorbed by the heavy charges of marketing.

Developing an A 1 population

The benefits to be derived are so numerous and important, that it may be well to set them out in paragraph form:

Food would be cheapened to the consumer, because the unnecessary profits of the middleman would be eliminated.

Food would be cleaner and healthier, because it would not be contaminated by being exposed for sale.

The land would be developed and the smallholder encouraged, with the result that an advance would be made in the direction of developing an A1 population.

As a result of increased postal business, postal rates might be reduced, and unemployment lessened.

By cheapened prices the difficulties of the town-dweller, who at present can barely succeed in supporting himself and his family, would be relieved.

The smallholder, through the increase of revenue earned, would himself increase the range of his purchases and would be able to extend his work, employ more labour and pay better wages.

The labourer, earning better wages, would have greater spending powers, and would thus increase the prosperity of the retailer in his own village, provided, of course, that the retailer did not endeavour to exploit him.

Cash-on-Delivery will go a long way to scotch that most despicable fraud—the cheat who offers 10s. blankets, and such like "bargains" for ridiculous sums of money, proceeds to collect the postal orders from the chosen accommodation address and decamps. If Cash-on-Delivery achieved no other purpose than to exterminate this class of human vamp, it would indeed be a boon.

Cash-on-Delivery does more than this, however, for while reviewing this mail-order delivery phase it is well to remember that the slogan of the vast army of keen business men, who last year assembled in London for the International Advertising Conference, was "Truth in Advertising." They, whose experience was second to none, all agreed that it paid to tell the truth.

It is easy, then, to see what this decision leads to. It leads to the conclusion that the fraudulent advertising shark is not only a public plunderer, but that he is barring the way to truth in advertising and also undermining the position of the honest advertiser by shaking the confidence of the public.

Blind conservatism of trading tradition

Such are some of the advantages which Cash-on-Delivery would mean from the single aspect of the system as applied to the great land problem of England. But it would have many others.

The public is never tired of complaining of the mishandling of the parcels service, especially during the Christmas rush. It has to be remembered that the explanation of this is that the work has to be done by a relatively inexperienced supernumerary staff, but if the C.O.D. system was once installed and working efficiently there would be a trained staff available for handling the parcels traffic all through the year.

The establishment of the C.O.D. system would be no mere adventure on which this country would be invited to embark. The system already prevails, so far as foreign trade is concerned, and has proved its efficiency in that connection as handled by the British Post Office.

Germany in 1913 carried 74,000,000 parcels C.O.D., and in Canada it has been proved that the C.O.D. service was of the greatest value to small retailers.

The great bar to its introduction is the conservatism of trading tradition in this country, which acts as a bar to progress. It has taken years of effort on the part of the banking community of Paris even to establish the clearing-house system, despite its obvious advantages.

Dole dependents diminished

It is to be hoped that it will not require years of effort to establish the C.O.D. system in England, for its establishment would mean notable reduction in the number of those at present dependent on the dole, a development in the country life on which the health of the nation depends, and an increase in every category of trade throughout the country. It is for the individual citizen to insist on the necessary legislation being passed.

Cash-on-Delivery is really and truly a very great step towards profitable home colonisation, pure food, fair prices, and the absorption of large numbers of those at present unemployed.

Finally, for the protection of the Post Office and the avoidance of damage to other parcels, no objection should be raised to accepting most stringent rules as to packing, delivery at post offices, fines for sending unordered parcels, and the refusal of goods too perishable to be thus handled.

Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To the Rt. Hon. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., Minister of Health.

SIR,—It appears to be the practice of certain boards of guardians to pay out-door relief by way of loan, and afterwards to sue for its recovery in the county court. This inhuman practice is contrary to the whole spirit and intention of the Poor Law. It is hard enough, in any case, for a man to make a fresh start after a period of destitution, and matters are made infinitely worse when the money which kept body and soul together when employment was unobtainable has now to be repaid out of earnings which are all too little for the decent support of a family. I look to you to intimate your disapproval of this cruel practice. JOHN BULL.

To the Very Rev. W. R. INGE, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's.

DEAR DEAN,—You are really overdoing it, you know. It is quite untrue to suggest that the institution of marriage is no longer honoured in Great Britain, or that the unsavoury cases which come before the Divorce Court from time to time are in any sense typical of the home-life of the nation. The marvel to me is that after the terrific upheaval of the war, and its resulting social miseries, the general standard of domestic morality should have been so little depressed. I am afraid you are suffering from mental jaundice. JOHN BULL.

To Viscount JELLICOE, G.C.B., House of Lords.

MY LORD,—I agree with you that the question of emigration to the Dominions calls for the earnest attention of His Majesty's Government. At the same time I hope you will impress upon the authorities that unless would-be settlers have jobs to go to on the other side their uncontrolled emigration is often an unmitigated evil. It is this aspect of the matter which chiefly needs attention, and I hope that one result of your interest in the matter may be to induce the Colonial Office to envisage the problem in a more practical light. JOHN BULL.

To Lord Chief Justice HEWART, House of Lords.

MY LORD,—You lately commented in severe terms upon the cruel practice of arresting men on their discharge from prison for offences committed prior to their incarceration. Since then several other judges have referred to this practice, which it seems is distressingly rife. May I venture to hope, therefore, that in conjunction with your learned colleagues you will make such representations to the Legislature as will for ever remove this blot on British justice? JOHN BULL.

To Mr. HAY HALKETT, Magistrate, Marylebone Police Court.

DEAR SIR,—In remanding a poor man charged with theft you remarked upon the few working-class cases coming before you in which the housing question, in one form or another, does not arise. In effect, you say a community failing to provide decent accommodation for its workers must hold itself responsible for their lapses. I should be glad if you will represent this to the Ministry of Health. Money spent in housing now would save itself in police and prison work later on. JOHN BULL.

To Sir ERNEST WILD, K.C., Recorder of London.

DEAR SIR ERNEST,—Your sympathy has always been readily extended to men who, after a period of imprisonment, are trying to make good and lead an honest life. The latest case of this kind to come before you was that of Vincent McDonald, who, after his release from jail, obtained employment in the Customs and Excise Department and worked three years without a complaint. Then they discovered his early lapse, and "sacked" him on the spot, with the result that he lost heart, and again succumbed to temptation. I hope those who were responsible for this man's dismissal will read your stinging comments on the case. JOHN BULL.

To Lady FRANCES BALFOUR, Addison Road, London.

DEAR MADAM,—You have aroused much comment, and in some quarters amusement, by claiming for your own sex a right to a fair share of the Diplomatic Service. Yet why not? Queens reigning in their own right have generally been accorded first-class honours, even by those who in other connections are bitter sex antagonists. Seeing the mess our male diplomatists make of foreign relationships, I fail to see how fully qualified women could do worse. It is even supposable they might do better. JOHN BULL.

To Sir ARTHUR NEWSHOLME, British Science Guild.

DEAR SIR,—As chairman of the health committee of your guild you sound a solemn warning to women against using headache powders. Better, you declare, would it be to investigate digestive and eyesight defects than to alleviate the trouble once it appears. True. But better still, in my opinion, if health committees concentrated upon the rotten housing which is the root cause of most of the evil you deplore. It's a bigger thing than can be settled by talking of headache powders. JOHN BULL.

To the Very Rev. Dr. JOHNSON, The Deanery, Manchester.

DEAR SIR,—I am convinced that you are a man of fatherly spirit with a twinkle in your eye. When the unco' guid in your congregation complained that courting by holding hands went on in church, you retorted, "Why shouldn't young men and women hold hands in church? Church is the proper place for courting." Exactly. If marriages are made in heaven, surely signs of affection may be shown in places of worship here on earth. I shall expect marriages smiled upon and celebrated by you to turn out well. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. COPPOCK, General Secretary, National Union of Building Trade Operatives.

SIR,—It is about time someone found the courage to speak to you in plain language. Instead of trying honestly to assist in the solution of the housing problem, you are placing every obstacle in the way. On the question of steel houses you have all along pursued a dog-in-the-manger policy, and now that a Select Committee, on which Labour was strongly represented, has reported against you, you want to tear up its recommendations and start the quarrel all over again. Really it is intolerable. JOHN BULL.

CHURCHILL'S BARGAIN BASEMENT.

Straight from the Shoulder

THE LORD CHANCELLOR:—I thank God every day that I was born in this free and honest land.
A land filled with honest men who are only free to starve.

COLONEL MOORE-BRABAZON, M.P.:—I am the Minister charged with electricity.
Then discharge it speedily and set industry on its feet.

BISHOP OF OXFORD:—There is too little reverence and reserve on the subject of marriage.
Too much reserve, instead of straight teaching, has led to irreverence.

BISHOP E. A. KNOX:—Comprehensiveness has always been the pride of the Church of England.
And lack of comprehension often her undoing.

MISS MADGE TITHERADGE:—The manner of men and women has changed enormously since the war.
War always brings a change for the worse.

COUNCILLOR TULLY:—Because women are cheeky they are taking men's jobs.
And because they are voters they may unseat you from your job.

Without Fear or Favour

OUR FIGHT for the EX-SOLDIER

The Budget

MR. CHURCHILL'S first Budget marks the last stage of this political chameleon's career. By it he has committed himself irrevocably to the policy of Protection.

It is typical of the man that he swept aside the solemn election pledges of the Prime Minister.

We do not deny the cleverness of his conception. His compulsory and contributory insurance scheme should have pleased the Labour Party, even if it did not, for, granted a whole-hearted attempt to work it successfully, it will remove from our social system one of its gravest defects.

To the Liberals he presented a stiffening of the death duties and a regraduated income-tax, while to his Conservative friends he handed the key to a full-blown system of tariffs.

The financial experts, not unnaturally, are pleased at the restoration of the gold standard.

What of the people? Well, sixpence off the income-tax and an increased personal allowance are something certainly—for those who pay income-tax. But we doubt if it will do much to compensate for the increased price of silk goods, for instance, and for the dwindling trade that will result from the restriction of buying and selling.

There were to be no taxes on food—according to Mr. Baldwin. Dried fruits and sugar are not foods, we take it—according to Mr. Churchill.

Meanwhile the most trenchant commentary on the Budget is the fact that at the moment there is sitting a committee to prepare a programme of naval building, and Mr. Baldwin has underlined this by saying that he sees no prospect of a Disarmament Conference.

The "man in the street" may well ask what it all means.

The Consumption Cure

WHEN the full story of all the events connected with the new treatment for consumption comes to be written, the public will be enthralled with the tragic drama that lies behind all our references to this wonderful discovery.

We have already paid tribute to the large number of medical men who have not hesitated to use the new treatment; it is encouraging to find that the rank and file of the profession is sincerely anxious to do all possible, and to try anything that gives promise, to combat the scourge.

One of the tragic features of the situation is that hundreds of necessitous cases are unable to derive the curative benefits that are now being enjoyed by those who can afford to pay for the treatment.

It is heartening to know that their lives can be prolonged when once the Minister of Health has tested and approved the treatment. On the Ministry's action depends the introduction of the new treatment into the nation's hospitals where the poor can get free service. We urge Mr. Neville Chamberlain to move with the rapidity that such a life and death matter demands.

Comrades of the Great Peace

DIPLOMATS are at their old games and the war clouds are gathering anew. Let ex-Service men join with us in forcing politicians to redress their wrongs and safeguard the future of their children

WITH our complete sanction and approval Brigadier-General F. P. Crozier, D.S.O., has invited ex-Service men of all ranks, their friends and dependents, and the survivors of the fallen, to write to JOHN BULL stating their willingness to join in "a great offensive against the armament race, without which the Cenotaph, with its majestic simplicity and its tradition, counts for little."

Throughout the past week the answers to this ringing appeal have been rolling in, and before long we shall be in a position to surprise the Government and the diplomats with the strength of a movement which, if wisely directed, will make future wars impossible.

In the earnest pursuit of peace as the supreme need of humanity at this hour—and the indispensable condition of progress and prosperity for the people of Great Britain—we have resolved upon definite action. Mere talk leads nowhere, and "cuts no ice."

Brig.-Gen. F. P. Crozier, D.S.O.

As a newspaper of independent, national views, we favour an organised, democratic movement whose creed and slogan shall be, "No More War."

Unless the man-power of the nation is mobilised now for peace, it will one day soon be mobilised for murder. The rulers of Europe, like the Bourbons, have "learned nothing and forgotten nothing."

The diplomats are at their old games, counting upon the availability in case of need of unlimited supplies of "cannon fodder." They must be undeceived. Now at once they must be made to understand that the ex-Service men and their comrades, their sons and successors, will not march to the shambles at the bidding of the politicians.

IF the Governments of the world are still bent on quarrelling, if the vanquished cannot forget their "wrongs" and the victors their "rights," then these differences must be referred to arbitration. The machinery exists; all that is lacking is the spirit which hates war and loves peace. This spirit is in the hearts of the people. It must find expression.

What is needed is a Solemn League and Covenant of Citizens mutually bound and pledged not to march or fight or furnish war material at the mere bidding of Governments; not to mobilise in any international quarrel until the possibilities of a peaceful settlement by arbitration have been exhausted; not to go to war except in the last dire necessity when the civic conscience offers no loop-hole of escape.

Here is the true Roll of Honour. None but cowards will refuse to sign. Unless democracy has the courage of its convictions, democracy is doomed. In numbers lies strength for peace as for war. Once the man-power and woman-power of the nation is definitely mobilised for peace the shadow of war will lift from this generation, and a new impetus be given to every progressive cause.

Such a Peace Covenant would furnish a magnificent rallying-point for the ex-Service men of all nations.

"REDRESS" is the all-embracing word with which Brigadier-General Crozier sums up their aspirations—redress for ingratitude and neglect, for broken promises and disappointed hopes, and, above all, for the cynical betrayal of the great cause for which they bled and suffered in the war which was to end war. Redress for the wickedness which spends a hundred millions a year on the weapons of slaughter while the men we called heroes beg their bread.

As we mean to show, the ex-Service men and their comrades have the remedy in their own hands. If you wish to enrol in the campaign against war and the waste of life-saving wealth on armaments, send us your names!

Keep Cool

THE fact that the French Press is having hysterics over the election of Hindenburg to the Presidency of the German Republic need not cause our readers undue alarm.

There is no danger to the peace of Europe inherent in the bald fact of Hindenburg's election.

But there is certainly the gravest danger in the situation unless heads are kept cool and dying war passions are refused a new lease of life.

Hindenburg is the answer to Poincaré. The danger is lest Poincaré should be made the reply to Hindenburg.

Already the air is full of talk about a renewed "Watch on the Rhine." Let politicians and diplomats beware, for that way lies disaster.

Europe wants no more of the Poincaré policy, mistaken in conception, disastrous in execution, and ruinous in results.

The German people no more want their junkers than we do.

But they do want security. They want freedom. They want a square deal.

So long as they are pursued with vengeance and harried with hate, so long will they swing steadily towards the desperate remedy of monarchy.

Fortunately, our own Foreign Office remains unperturbed. It must do more. It must talk to France in plain language before it is too late.

To the suggestion that Hindenburg's election may mean the revision of the Versailles Treaty it must have the courage to say: "That is the one thing necessary to place the peace of Europe on a secure foundation."

For the alternative is Poincaré—and ruin.

End this Traffic

OUR vehement protests against the abominable traffic in worn-out horses, sold to the Continent to be slaughtered for food, have had an interesting sequel.

A number of Belgian humanitarians, shocked by the terrible sights they have seen, when wretched animals, lame and tottering, and reeling from the hardships of the voyage, stagger through their streets to the abattoir, are anxious to co-operate in bringing this scandal to an end.

They make a practical suggestion—that there should be an export tax on all horses exported from England, except horses that are under six years old, on the one hand, or over £40 in value, on the other, or horses for which breeding certificates are held for any recognised society.

That, they say, would do no harm to any legitimate business in exporting horses, and it would save the worn-out crocks, spent in the service of humanity, from the torture and agony of this unscrupulous trade in suffering.

We pass the suggestion on to the proper authorities, sure that our readers will endorse our desire to find some way out of what is a disgrace, not only to this country, but to humanity.

Mr. Justice McCardie, who says that decrease in crime is coincident with less severe sentences

Four Cylinder Crime

INCREASES in crime are more apparent than real, but an understaffed police force gives the new motor-car criminals an opportunity they are swift to seize. New methods are necessary to meet the new menace if public anxiety is to be removed

by A. G. GARDINER

ARE we getting better or worse? It is an important question, and I have been delving into a Blue-book which throws some light on the answer. It is the volume just presented to Parliament containing the criminal statistics of England and Wales during 1923. I have found it extraordinarily interesting, and Dean Inge will be surprised to learn that the conclusion is fairly cheerful.

It would have been natural to expect that post-war crime would have been in a different and worse category altogether than pre-war crime. War is organised murder. It cancels the law by which civilised society lives, and loosens the moral restraints upon the primitive savageries of men.

When millions of young men, at the most impressionable time of life, are taught to kill as a duty, and are released from all the humanising relationships of home for four or five years, it might be expected that when they came back they would, on the whole, be more liable to follow violent and criminal courses than they would with normal training.

Facts better than figures

The experience, as a whole, does not bear out this expectation. There has been a tendency to increase in certain classes of crime—shop-breaking, frauds and commercial dishonesty, sexual offences and bigamy, which the report assigns to "the long-continued debasing effects of the war upon character and conduct."

But the general tenor of the statistics is favourable. Crime was declining before the war and it is declining to-day. What is still more satisfactory, it is declining most in serious offences.

I do not want to bore you with figures, but a few are essential to grasp the movement of things in this great matter. In the year before the war the number of persons tried for indictable offences was 63,269. In the years after the war they were 60,617, 61,355, 58,177, and in 1923 they had fallen to 56,764. This is good, and in view of the increase of population the real fact is better than the face value of the figures.

When Philip is sober

It is remarkable that crimes of violence should show a substantial decline. There were 150 murders in 1923, against 157 in 1913; 110 attempts to murder against 121; 109 cases of manslaughter and infanticide against 148; 576 cases of wounding against 1,261; 1,683 cases of attempted suicide against 2,399. Sexual and unnatural offences have seriously increased and, bigamy, the favourite form of war criminality, is still high, 465 in 1923, against 155 in 1913.

But, leaving these aside, the serious crimes of violence have so markedly declined that there must be an explanation. The report leaves no doubt as to what the explanation is.

It is our old friend, Drink. The tap is being turned off and Philip drunk is becoming Philip sober, and Philip sober is much less likely to knife his neighbour, his wife or himself than Philip drunk.

The war has this to its credit—that it has been the greatest measure of temperance reform in history. It has made drink three or four times as dear and has shortened the hours within which it is obtainable.

The result is that while the revenue which the nation draws from it in taxation has enormously increased, the consumption has enormously slumped. We are drinking something less than half what we used to drink per head, and the fact is reflected in the decline in crime.

Crimes of the Woolly West

For example, to turn from the indictable offences to those which are dealt with summarily by the magistrates. These have fallen from 635,005 in 1913 to 546,606 in 1923. The difference is due to the prosecutions for drunkenness, which have fallen from 189,204 in 1913 to 81,659 in 1923.

In other words, with an increased population, we have knocked off more than 100,000 "drunks" per year. Add all the crime that flows from drunkenness, and we have the clue to the decline in the criminal statistics.

That is the pleasant side of the story. But there is another. Exit drink; enter the motor. The coming of King Petrol has worked the most astonishing change in the social life of the country of any development since the advent of the railway train a century or so ago. It has given us a new industry and new interests, brought the country to our doors and cheered up life in a hundred ways.

But there is no unmixed good in this imperfect world, and the motor will serve criminals as well as honest citizens. The development of the new traffic is indicated in the increase of prosecutions for offences in relation to motor-cars, which have risen from 16,100 in 1913 to 99,906 in 1923.

But the most serious aspect of the matter is the use of the motor car as a vehicle for "getting away with it," as the Americans say. One of the most remarkable facts brought out by the statistics is that, while burglary has decreased, there has been a startling development in shop-breaking, in which criminals carry out their operations with the help of motor-cars.

The motor-car increases the difficulty of detection and capture, and the extent of the immunity which the new criminals enjoy is indicated by the fact that in one case which is recorded the offender was found to have been engaged in no fewer than seventy-two shop-breaking crimes before he was laid by the heels.

An important question emerges from these facts. We are clearly in the presence of a wholly new criminal problem which needs to be met by new defensive methods. It is a problem which must put the police on their mettle. There is no disease without a remedy, but the remedy takes finding, and it clearly has not yet been found.

The police, if challenged, can fairly retort that they are not being given a fair chance. Since the war they have had new duties put on them—regulation of street traffic, functions in relation to cattle disease and so on—and their numbers have decreased. Owing to economies the police force is now 5 per cent. under strength.

Fighting brigands with their own weapons

But, owing again to the great (and I think necessary) increase in remuneration, the charges of the police force have gone up from eight millions in 1913 to nearly twenty millions in 1923.

This is a heavy increase, but public order and the security of property are interests too vital to the well-being of the community to be imperilled for any consideration, and the menace of the motor-car as the agent of the new crime must be suppressed at all costs—even at the cost of employing it as the agent of the police.

THE CUC

Suffering humanity must not be experimented on by unskilled amateur nurses

IT is a misfortune of the devoted women who have given their lives to the business of nursing that their absorption in other people's ills appears to disqualify them from looking after their own troubles. They are overworked. They are shamefully underpaid. They are disgracefully "blacklegged" by comparative amateurs. But though many efforts have been made to organise them for their own protection, though titled ladies and gentlemen have graciously patronised them, though pretentious committees have been formed to uplift the profession, though funds which they do not seem to have received have been charitably collected for their benefit, the nurses have never yet attained to the earning or position to which their arduous training and public service manifestly entitle them.

Mr. Gerald Hurst, M.P., who is promoting a Bill to Regulate Nursing Homes

A fully trained and experienced nurse is of as much value to a patient as the doctor. The medical man sets a broken limb or prescribes the conventional ointment for a wound; but the daily, hourly care, the dressing and bandaging, the constant watchfulness over temperatures, the close scrutiny of diet—these vital essentials depend wholly on the competence of the nurse. But the fees and the recognition are not quite proportionate.

When the Nurses' Registration Act was passed, a doctor who was then M.P. for Dumfries actually represented it as a hard case that admission to the State Register had been refused to a woman who had been working two years for a doctor, but had never gone through the hospital apprenticeship and never passed her examinations.

THE doctor had apparently allowed this unqualified amateur to pass herself off as a fully trained nurse. What would the faculty, or the law, have said of a medical practitioner who as carelessly assumed his degrees and qualifications?

In another case a medical officer of health had given a testimonial to an untrained woman who had acted as a "special nurse" in a public sanatorium; and he ingenuously added that "she has frequently proved a capable and conscientious substitute in my absence"!

Here we have an example of an unqualified nurse being placed in charge of patients and actually being allowed to act as substitute for the public medical officer of health!

A Communist Confesses

THE opinions expressed in this article are not to be taken as necessarily representing editorial policy. They are solely the personal views of our contributor, and we print them because they represent a definite point of view on a topical subject

by "A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER"

Sir William Joynson-Hicks, Home Secretary, who says few people besides himself realise the evil in our midst

ON the whole we are a good-natured people, and, like all good-natured people, we dislike doing drastic things. We like "things" to go on as usual. If any particular "thing" appears to be going wrong, we say to ourselves, "It will right itself if we leave it alone."

Now this sort of thing sounds well enough, but in reality it is highly unscientific. No doctor would allow even a cold to cure itself; one of the greatest of all doctors has said that no physician can say how even a slight cold will end.

Because the Victorian Radicals left things to mend themselves, we have inherited slum cities and a rickety population. Because the great masses of population in Europe left armaments to increase as they would in the early years of the present century, we had the inconvenient setback of a world war.

No; we are not intended to play the part of "fans" in the great epic of human history. We are the actors of life, not its spectators. We are the creators of destiny, not its victims.

With this notion in our minds, let us glance at the crack-brained pimps of Moscow who call themselves British Communists, and who are just now busily engaged in what they call an extensive campaign in the British Islands.

Waving the Pink Flag

These scabby fellows are damning to hell not merely the wicked capitalist, whom they accuse of living on the toil of the workers (which appears to be what they themselves are doing), but they are also pouring out the vials of their wrath on such impeccable leaders of the British proletariat as Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. J. H. Thomas.

In the course of this campaign one of their orators has claimed for Communism the atrocious outrage in Bulgaria. "We are ready to accept that responsibility," he said at Birmingham; "and we hope it will prove to you what we are capable of doing. One never knows what may happen here. That remains to be seen."

The same orator told his audience that there was going to be "a bust-up before very long," and added: "Let me tell you, here and now, that we are too strong for the Government to attempt to interfere with us."

I know Mr. Baldwin sufficiently well to say that he would merely smile at these wild words. His attitude is that of the Victorian Radicals towards the jerry builder of industrial cities. He would say: "These shabby fellows do not represent the British working-classes. They are negligible. Leave them to the judgment of the British nation. For heaven's sake, do not suggest that we should give them the advertisement of State interference."

Blood-lust agitators

But perhaps if he chanced in his reading to come across that great warning of Shakespeare against "a little fire" (which is quickly trodden out, but which, if suffered, rivers cannot quench), he might be inclined to wonder if the famous policy of leaving things to right themselves is as wise and prudent as it seems on a first glance.

What are these Communists doing? They are out to smash the British Empire and to make bad blood between employers and employed. Is that a good thing or a bad thing?

They are out to make the workers angrily suspicious of their Labour leaders. Is that a good thing or a bad thing?

And they are out to propagate the notion of "bloody revolution" as a superior form of action to progress by Act of Parliament. Is that a good thing or a bad thing?

If bad, should these people be tolerated? We did not tolerate German spies during the war. We said the German spies were bad for our people, and we locked them up. We treated them, even the least of them, as a physician treats a disease germ, as potentially dangerous. Are not these Communists just as potentially dangerous as the German hairdressers and the Austrian waiters whom we isolated from the community during the war? Is it not their avowed purpose to wreck the industrial machine which supplies 45,000,000 people with food, and to open the doors of Great Britain to the cut-throat tyrants of Moscow?

Surely in this matter we should take a lesson from Moscow. In Russia a man who incites the workers to strike is put up against a wall and shot out of hand. In Russia there is no such luxury as free speech. In Russia trade unionism is a dead letter. In Russia even the mildest intellectual critic of the Government is caged like a wild beast.

Quick on the trigger

If the Communists want us to copy Russia let us make a beginning at this point. They could not logically complain if we did. Russia has seen that to make its Government a success there must be peace throughout the whole country, and seen, too, that sedition must be quickly trodden out.

Their quickness in this respect has all the blasting and devastating rapidity of lightning. Our home-bred Communists have no idea how quick a Russian can be when he wants to kill somebody who refuses to share his opinions. In Russia, let it be known far and wide, *the Government* is too strong for the people to attempt to interfere with it.

But since Mr. Baldwin's Government is very unlikely to adopt drastic methods with our sedition-mongers and traitors, unless, of course, a Cabinet Minister is killed or a beautiful cathedral is blown up by an infernal machine, we must hope that the self-respecting working-classes will make it quite clear to the orators of Communism that they are no more popular with the democracy of this country than were German spies during the war.

We have got a hard task before us in getting Britain's export trade on its feet, and we really cannot afford to have our attention distracted from this great national duty, in which all classes should combine, by men who confess that they want to smash the British Empire to smithereens and to load every British working-man with the same chains as are worn by the working-man in Russia.

Poison germs of politics

It is time this fooling was stopped, and the more completely it is stopped the better will it be for us and our children. We should learn to look at all political madness as a man of science looks at a destructive germ.

We should also tell ourselves again and again that the days of letting things right themselves are dead and done for. This age is an age of science, and science is all out for the prevention of disease and the rigidest control of all dangerous poisons.

CKOO NURSE

by ALEX. M. THOMPSON ("Dangle")

By the Act of Parliament which was wangled by such testimonies and arguments the profession of nursing is opened to any woman who has picked up a few ideas about nursing and can obtain a certificate from two friendly doctors that she has been "in attendance on the sick . . . for a period of not less than three years."

WHAT, then, is the use of the long and hard hospital work imposed on fully qualified nurses? During the first year of their training they are compelled—if they cannot afford to pay a premium—to do the drudgery of a domestic servant. For this year's work they get no pay at all.

In the second year, a girl used before the war to get £12; in the third year she got £16; in the fourth £24. This apprenticeship was as hard and as unremunerative as that passed by a doctor or a barrister. Why, then, should an untrained amateur, protected by two medical friends, be admitted to equal competition in the business?

Now a Bill for the Registration of Nursing Homes has been submitted to Parliament, which would make it legal for any of the untrained interlopers to carry on a nursing home.

Yet the most highly trained and experienced member of the nursing profession, if, for any reason, she had failed to register, would be liable to a penalty of £50 if she dared to receive into her own home a paying patient, and "a further penalty not exceeding £20 for each day on which the offence continues after conviction."

An ex-matron of a hospital and a member of the College of Nursing comments on this proposal in a letter to JOHN BULL, and pertinently asks why it should be a crime for a retired nurse to receive into her home, with skilled superintendence, a poor invalid who is not ill enough for an institution and yet too ill to be welcomed in a hotel.

SHE goes on to say that "it is a puzzle to us older members of the Nursing College why the council has allowed a comparatively new group, few of them engaged in nursing, and fewer still with practical experience of private patients, to support legislation which, under the guise of protection, is really legalising imposture on sick people and their friends, bringing discredit on a noble profession, and making it increasingly difficult for matrons to get the right type of candidates for training."

There is only one remedy. In this complicated modern world the only way to the redress of individual grievances is by co-operation with others. If the trained nurses of Britain cannot or will not combine as efficiently as the doctors, they will continue to suffer.

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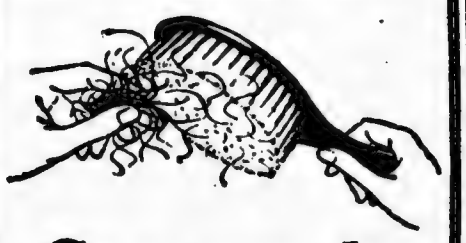

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THE traffic in adoption of children, who are in many cases practically condemned to be murdered by these transactions, is a scandal to any civilised society. It is the duty of the Government to put a stop to it

by LORD GORELL, C.B.E.,
late Under-Secretary of State for Air

EVERY now and again the newspapers contain a brief report of a case of cruelty to a child at which all decent people feel a surge of whole-hearted, healthy indignation. This occurs on an average three or four times a year, sometimes more often, rarely less. This does not, unfortunately, mean that throughout the length and breadth of the country there are no more than three or four cases of cruelty to children a year—far from it.

Infinitely more persons are prosecuted for cruelty to or neglect of children than ever attract more than a purely local attention. In 1900, for example, the number of persons prosecuted for these offences was 4,106; in 1910, 3,695. The lowest figure was in 1919, when the number was 1,642; in 1921 it had risen slightly to 2,052. So that of recent years there has been roughly an average of two thousand cases in which children have been sufficiently ill-treated for the person who was responsible for their welfare to be brought into court.

Very little publicity is given to these; it is only the case in which the child has been treated with exceptional brutality which is considered interesting enough to be accorded a report in the general Press.

Magistrates too eager to pass sentence

Now there are several very significant features to be observed as to this. In the first place, even the most horrible case—unless, indeed, as has been known to happen on one or two occasions, the offender or offenders have been people of some social standing—is not reported at any great length. As a rule the report consists of a dozen lines or so of small print, giving in bald outline the details of the particular cruelty practised, and the sentence imposed by the magistrates.

In the second place, the sentence is almost invariably a trifling one, ranging from two months' imprisonment or less up to what is erroneously, but very frequently, described as "the maximum sentence of six months' imprisonment with hard labour." Though six months is the maximum the magistrates can give, they can, if they think fit, commit the offender to trial instead of passing sentence themselves, and in that case the offender is liable, after conviction on indictment, to imprisonment for two years, with or without hard labour.

This is what the law intended for serious cases, but again and again the magistrates choose to pass the lighter sentence themselves.

Indignation that soon passes

Thirdly, it is significant that the ordinary reader of the brief report says, "How horrible!" perhaps turns to something else at once, perhaps mentions it with indignation to his wife or a few friends, but in either case in a day or two has forgotten all about it. It is not "his business"; it is nobody's business in particular, and, therefore, the average citizen, kindly disposed as he is and hater of cruelty, behaves like the traditional ostrich, buries his head, and pretends he is not concerned.

This attitude is responsible for the brevity of the report—news editors know better than anyone the publicity value of events, and will not insert full reports of things their readers wish to ignore. A man gets far more punishment for forging a cheque than for half-killing an infant with a leather strap with a buckle on it—and it is a grievous comment on our civilisation that it should be so.

Detestable traffic going on

But there are worse features about many of these cases than this. I want to draw public attention particularly not to cruelty to children in general but to the traffic in unwanted children which too often results in it. It is well known by those who have studied these things that such a traffic exists, largely owing to the hopeless deficiency of our laws relating to child adoption. At present there is neither legal recognition nor any supervision of adoption.

A childless couple may adopt a child and they have neither rights nor obligations towards it. The parent who has parted with it may wait till it is healthy and well cared for and then claim it back, notwithstanding any agreement to the contrary; the couple may tire of the child and pass it on elsewhere. There are, of course, plenty of cases of great good and kindness done under adoption, and there are reputable societies aiding and bringing these about. But it is also true that there is a detestable traffic going on.

Lord Gorell

Often enough it is nothing but child-murder, very thinly disguised. Again and again it happens that people have a child they either do not want or find an actual burden to them; the usual case, of course, is that of an unmarried woman with an illegitimate child.

Baby barterers at railway-stations

The child must be got out of the way; its very existence is a menace to her.

What happens? It is given "with entire surrender"—which, as I have pointed out, is not legally enforceable, but effective enough for its purpose in such cases—to people who will consent to take it, sometimes without payment, usually for a lump sum down.

It is noticeable that the wretches who traffic in these unfortunate infants have the habit of carrying out many of their transactions at railway-stations; the child is handed over and immediately taken, or sent, elsewhere by train.

Imagine what ensues. No care has been taken, for obvious reasons, to find out if the people receiving the infant are respectable. They probably keep it safely for a little while; then the money they received with it is spent; it is now nothing but an encumbrance.

The parent dooms the child to death as surely as if specific instructions for murder had accompanied it. Then the receivers are ready for the next. This most odious traffic could be made far more difficult if it was enacted that no adoption of children should take place without legal approbation.

The law should ensure that the home and the people receiving children by adoption should be a fit place and proper guardians, and the transfer of children for a lump sum down should be absolutely forbidden under severe penalties. It is a different matter when the parent contributes sums weekly or monthly for the support of the child; then the receivers have an interest in maintaining its life; now their interest is in ending it. In other cases where murder is not actually done, the adopted child too often becomes an ill-treated slave.

Real and terrible facts

Let me state an actual case to prove that these things are not imaginative but real and terrible facts. Here is one given in evidence before a Parliamentary Committee by the representative of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

"It is not unusual," said Mr. Parr, than whom no man has had more experience, "to find persons of known bad habits adopting children. A child, eleven months old, passed through several hands until it came into the charge of a young married woman, the wife of a sailor. She adopted the child with a payment of £16 10s. The woman was of loose character, and on more than one occasion had been in hospital suffering from disease."

After detailing the horrible state in which the child was discovered, Mr. Parr concluded—"Though the child was removed to a place of safety, it died as the result of the neglect of the foster-mother who, when prosecuted, was sent to prison for two months!" Two months for cold-blooded, brutal murder! The parent gets off scot-free; a payment of £16 10s. and all is arranged!

It is now four years since the Committee presided over by Sir Alfred Hopkinson recommended (1) that there should be some form of adoption made legal; (2) that there should be notification and supervision in cases where full legal adoption was not desired; and (3) that illegitimate children should be legitimated by the subsequent marriage of their parents.

Mr. Neville Chamberlain, the present Minister of Health, was a member of the Committee and signed that report. Four years have passed, and only the third recommendation is being made law.

Machinery needs oiling

When I raised the question in the House of Lords a year ago I was told that a fresh committee was being set up—not to consider the principles which are generally agreed, but the machinery. There is no sign yet of its report.

One would have thought that it would be one of the first reforms which Mr. Neville Chamberlain would insist on seeing effected.

When all is said, it rests with public opinion to mark its detestation of this traffic. It is a gratifying fact that a paper of such influence and wide circulation as this should wish me to lay the main facts before its readers and add volume to the crusade against such mean and callous crimes.

WAR PLOTTERS UNMASKED

The Plague-Spot of Europe

OVER ten years ago the great conflagration started with a little flame in Austria-Hungary. In this article the first President of the Hungarian Republic warns the world that Hungary is still the breeding-spot of war. It will burst as suddenly and as devastatingly as it did in 1914

by **COUNT MICHAEL KAROLYI**

(First and last President of the Hungarian Republic)

IN the Near East already there are rumblings of another war. The Mussolinis, the Horthys and the Hindenburgs are all striving with might and main to rebuild Hungary and raise her to something approaching her pre-war status. If they succeed, then, as sure as I am an exile from my own country, there will be war, and the political and economical state of Europe will never be settled.

As a politician of many years' standing in my own country—as the first and last president of the inglorious republic of 1919—and as the man who engineered the revolution resulting in the abdication of the King, I think I may claim to know as well as, if not more than, anybody the ultimate object of present-day moves in the country from which I have been exiled, where I was tried for treason, where I was robbed of a large estate, and where I was deposed from the highest station in the land.

I say, with all the knowledge I have in my possession, that the one end of all that is happening in ruined Hungary is the return of the Hapsburg régime, the recultivation of militarism, the fostering of revenge, and a return to the semi-feudal system that drove thousands of my country-men to America years before the war materialised.

National fratricide

But, perhaps, my warning may be made all the more clear if I describe exactly what is happening in my country at the present time, and what led up to it.

Since Admiral Horthy declared himself Regent for an unnamed King of Hungary, a king who must of necessity be a Hapsburg, the country has been under the spell of a reactionary dictatorship. During the Bolshevik régime of a few months, which preceded the declaration of a Regent, not quite three hundred people were killed in a bitter struggle which divided the country. Since then, under the Horthy régime, over 3,000 people have been killed.

They talk of possessing a democracy, of having freedom of speech and Press, but it is all a mockery. They have a so-called universal suffrage, yet in three-quarters of the constituencies the ballot is open. They say, and proudly boast, that under the Horthy régime they have freedom of the Press, yet woe betide the editor who dares to criticise the powers that be.

He may be murdered, as was the editor of the right-wing social democratic newspaper who met his death under mysterious circumstances. His body was found terribly mutilated, and it was obvious that before his death he had been subjected to torture.

Citadels of suspicion

Up till lately, too, the country had so-called prisoners' camps into which anybody could be thrown as a result of a mere denunciation or even the suspicion of having Bolshevik sympathies. In a country where, before the camps came into existence, there had been a socialist upheaval it can readily be imagined that there are no lack of suspects, and that the camps as a consequence are not untenanted. One may be thrown into these camps without the flimsiest prosecution.

There can be absolutely no doubt that the Horthy régime has its foundation on the policy of restoring the semi-feudal system of pre-war Hungary under which two-thirds of the whole country was owned by some 3,000 people and the remaining third by some twenty millions.

Although, under the pressure of the Allies, the country chased away the Hapsburgs, they are only waiting for the moment when they can safely re-establish the old militarist régime. Horthy is only a camouflage for the re-establishment of autocracy, militarism and revenge, in which respect he is exactly like Von Hindenburg.

Count Karolyi

He is directing all his efforts against Bolshevism it is true, but he is doing it in a way which is more likely to drive the people of the country into Bolshevism than anything else, and the ultimate end of all Horthy's activities is to tread out for ever even the germs of democracy and progress.

He is fighting also for the fostering of national hatred for the victors in the war. I don't know how long he will be able to maintain his stand, but so long as he does there is no hope of peace in Europe.

Waging war on war

Now to relate, very briefly, the sensational incidents which have led up to this state of affairs in my country.

For about three months at the beginning of the war I was a prisoner of war in a French prison camp, and was only released, ultimately, because the Allies knew that all along I had been against my country's pact with Germany, and that, as soon as I returned to Hungary, I would fight tooth and nail against the carrying on of a war which I knew from the first could only end in a catastrophe for the Central Powers.

At the same time I was a Member of Parliament, and when Parliament was sessioning all my efforts in the House were directed against the carrying on of the war. I denounced the submarine warfare as an outrage on civilisation, and made myself unpopular by doing so, and I warned my country of the end of the war.

Then, when King Francis Joseph died in 1916, and Emperor King Charles took the throne, I almost persuaded him that his only hope of saving the country was by making a separate peace treaty with the Allies. He agreed, and negotiated with the French Government with that object.

Count Tisza was then a power in the land as the leader of the old autocratic section of that country and the reactionary landowning people, of some ten million people who trod on the remaining thirty-three millions of the population—and he succeeded in convincing the king that with the aid of Germany we must succeed. Germany, at the same time, enforced his arguments with threats.

Then, as weak men are inclined to do, he went to the opposite extreme, repudiated his letters to the French Government, and directed all efforts towards silencing me in the cause which I constantly advocated—peace.

When, in June, 1918, however, it became patent that we had utterly lost the war, and our troops at the front were in mutiny and fleeing from the Allies, the people began to clamour for me and my peace policy. I tried to convince King Charles of the advisability of making peace with the allies and reconstructing the monarchy on democratic lines.

Gambling in politics

I had the "old gang" against me, however, playing politics in a way that reminded one of nothing so much as a party of tipsy gamblers, and failed, and then I organised the revolution through which I became Prime Minister and which resulted in the abdication of the king.

As Prime Minister I signed the Armistice of Belgrade which hit my country very hard, and I only agreed to the hard terms because of a stipulation to the effect that until the peace treaty fixed our boundaries we should have a chance of braving the catastrophic effect of the war by managing our own political and economic affairs in a Hungary as it was before the war so far as boundaries went.

But my signature had scarcely dried on the agreement when Roumania and Czecho-Slovakia deliberately broke that stipulation and grabbed large tracts of land which no doubt, unofficially, had been promised them. *They did so with the tacit consent of the Allies.*

Robbed of her forest and her coal mines, and with more unemployment than jobs, Hungary was forced into Bolshevism. Even Budapest, with its million population, could not afford to keep her streets lighted owing to lack of coal, and the railway services of the country were cut down by over 80 per cent.

Bela Khun, the leader of the Red section of the country, deposed me as President, and reigned until he was utterly routed by the Roumanians. Two months afterwards Horthy declared himself Regent.

An incubator for Armageddon

I was tried for treason, on the grounds that my pacifist policy had brought the hard terms of the Armistice upon the country, that I revolted against the king, and that I was paid by Lloyd George and Clemenceau to work against the interest of my country.

The trial resulted in the expropriation of my fortune and I became an exile. Yet exile though I am, and hated by the class to which I belonged in my own country, I can feel for its pitiable plight, and for the sake of Hungary and the peace of Europe I earnestly hope that the pre-war feudal system which has now been restored will not be of long duration. I am convinced that the time will come when the combined forces of the peasantry and the industrial workers will establish themselves in a true democracy and live in peaceful association with others.

My last word of warning is: Watch Hungary. While the present system continues it is there that the germs of the next war are developing.

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DERELICTS OF DESPAIR

NO one seems to care about the down-and-out man unless he is a rogue. The Bishop of Exeter pleads the cause of the man who, though destitute, is honest

by **Lord WILLIAM GASCOYNE CECIL**
(Bishop of Exeter)

ONE of the characteristics of Christianity is the great stress it lays on the consideration of the poor. One asks oneself what would be the impression of an intelligent non-Christian arriving in England. Let us suppose a Chinese or a Hindoo coming to one of our great cathedrals.

Now if the same Chinese or Hindoo were, on coming out of the cathedral, to say, "I suppose that as you are Christians you are very careful that the poor, especially the homeless poor, are well cared for in this city?" and you were to say, "Well, come and see for yourself," you would go off to one of our casual wards? There you would see a group of very miserable-looking people kept prisoners in a state of great discontent, would you not feel that the illogicality of our action demanded some explanation?

Tragedy on the tree

No doubt you would begin to explain that the object of the casual ward was really to do the poor people good. Then your non-Christian would say, "How do you explain your illogicality? You build these splendid buildings for worship; you care so much about it that I can scarcely read your papers without finding that someone is talking about the greatness of the Christian faith."

My attention was first called to this matter years ago in my own home, to a dramatic incident. A young girl, born of well-to-do parents, was wandering in her father's park one day, and as she looked through the cover towards the road she saw something hanging on a tree. When she came near it she found, to her horror, it was the decomposed body of a man. A coroner's inquest was held and it was shown that this man was a homeless tramp.

There are two classes of wanderers along our roads: the class that lodges in the common lodging-house—they are not at all well off, but not desperately poor—and the class of broken-down, sick and miserable men, the dirty, unattractive tramps. When the rich man saw Lazarus lying at his door covered with sores, would he not have said just the same as we do about tramps, that Lazarus was a dirty beggar?

Prebendary Carlile of the Church Army

One snowy night, several years ago, when the road was already tiring to walk on from the depth of snow, a man came to a casual ward and could not make himself heard as it was late at night when he knocked at the door. He staggered into a Church Army rest next door. In the morning the man was so ill that he was transferred to the infirmary, where he died.

Worn out by life

Apparently this man, in a dying condition, had knocked for admittance at a workhouse five miles distant, but they refused to admit him and turned him away because he was too late, and he had to struggle on another five miles to the next casual ward. He was admitted to the infirmary only to die, and when I asked the doctor what he was ill of, he said, "Just fatigue; the old man is worn out."

Think of the agony of that last five-mile walk through the snow; think how he must have passed well-lighted mansions and fire-lit cottages in which were people gathered in warmth and comfort, while he struggled on, dying.

As I have explained before, the reason why such humane bodies of men as our guardians are capable of acting with harshness is because real humanity would result in the stream of homeless poor being deflected towards the more comfortable casual wards. When a man has no home, no hope of work, one part of the country is as good as another.

In the future reform this defect in the Poor Law must be removed and the whole question of the homeless poor will be treated as a national and not as a parochial question.

An anti-christian code

There ought to be in every city or town an institution where men can be helped to recover their position. I know of several Church Army homes where men are thus helped. They can work for their night's lodging and so avoid the casual ward, and there they are given hope and encouragement to fight again the battle of life.

The casual ward perpetuates the evil of vagrancy and makes men unemployables. Like all cruel things it is very inefficient. Our grandfathers believed in the cruel school, the cruel prison, the cruel army, the constant flogging of sailors and soldiers. We believe in humanity, and the results have justified our confidence. But there remains the casual ward, which is directly opposed to the teachings of Christian civilisation.

The Marriage Barrier

THERE is grim tragedy behind the fact that the youth of England is unable to marry because there are no houses in which to live

by **KENNEDY COX**
(Warden of the Dockland Settlement)

A YOUNG dock labourer came up to me the other night and said, "Mr. Cox, I just want to swear!" I realised that what he really wanted was to get some trouble off his chest, so I said, "Come on, Jim, let's hear what the trouble is!" This is his reply:—

"I've been walking out with a girl for five years now. We met just after the war and we saw straight away that we'd met for keeps. Of course, we didn't expect a house or rooms just then. Everyone spoke of the upheaval of the war and the bit of time it would take to settle down. So we waited! I did my work at the docks—casual, you know—and she carried on at the factory—tiring work for a woman—year in, year out!

"AFTER a bit we started paying in for a bit of home, and we looked for a small house or half a house. But there weren't one for love or money. Then we looked for two rooms, and all the time the years were going by, and we ain't married yet. *We're still looking for a home*—that's what I want—what hopes! Don't it make you want to swear?" Indeed it does, for I know that that dock labourer was acting as the spokesman for youth in the cities of England to-day.

How amazing it is that youth, with its shattered dreams, should be so reasonable, so patient! The tragedy of it! And yet we go on and on; nothing but words, words, words. How fed up the worker is with this Niagara of words!

I FEEL utterly ashamed at the thought, and yet I buoy myself up with the hope that the printed word may catch the eye of the man with the heart who will cry out, "These things shall not be." The cry must be answered. We'll shout halt to all else. It is the houses of the people that must dominate the thought of England to-day.

But the kindly reasonable man as he reads his JOHN BULL in the tube or train will say, or more probably just think, "Yes, it's all very sad, but I continually read of efforts being made to remedy this evil. For instance, what about the garden cities—they strike me as excellent solutions to the problem?" In the words of my dock friend, "Yus, what about 'em?"

Has our reader of the train or tube any acquaintance with the delightful existing garden cities? Probably he lives in one himself. If so, how many dock labourers, coal porters, Covent Garden sellers, newspaper boys, etc., live down his way?

The garden cities are delightful retreats for artistic colonies, for retired professional men and widowed ladies with limited incomes. But, apart from their rents, their geographical situation debars the average working man from finding a house there. *He must live near his job.* If he's out of work, all the more reason to live near where his trade lies, so that he can pick up news of jobs going. To secure that job he has to be up in the morning.

Again, one hears of model dwellings. They seem on the face of it excellent, but have you talked to a worker's mother and asked her how on earth she manages to cart the pram up and down all those steep stone steps to the fourth or fifth floor? How often do the little children undertake the perilous adventure for a game in the streets; *where do they get their games?*

I know this is all criticism, and the reader has a right to ask, "What do *you* suggest?" I suggest this—that every derelict house, dwelling-house or shop, be it ever so humble, within a three-mile radius of the great centres of industries all over England, be secured, either by a philanthropic trust or a local authority; be surveyed, scrapped or rebuilt.

Fix a rent within the capacity of the worker's pocket, and do not be afraid of small schemes. One model house in a slum street will have an amazing moral effect, just as one derelict house in a decent street has the same destructive effect as a decayed tooth to a sound jaw.

Listen to the cry—give youth a chance. It is the springtime of hope—don't crush it in this England of ours to-day. Build up a real national home life; help youth to a *home!*

A £5-5-0 ALL WOOL SUIT OR OVERCOAT TO MEASURE FOR £2-0-0

WILLIE SMITH
The Famous Billiard Player.
Dressed by BARRY.
(Photo. by Press & Publicity Photographic Co.)

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By our pledge we abide.

There is no chance work about the Barry Service. Every Barry customer is a satisfied customer. Think for a moment about our offer and you will realise that here, at last, is a tailoring service possessing qualifications positively without parallel.

Over twenty years constant working together of the personnel makes the Barry Service the powerful and efficient organisation which it is to-day. Principals and staff have worked together, side by side, through all these years. The Barry Service employs no casual labour. This reason, in itself, explains why the Barry Service offers you 2/6 more than your money back if it fails to satisfy you to the last letter.

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4 in 1
TRENCH COAT
(The Genuine Officers' Model)
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Equal to coats selling elsewhere at £3.3.0

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Post us your remittance for 35/6 for this wonderful coat, giving us your height and size round chest *over waistcoat*, stating whether BLUE or FAWN SHADE is PREFERRED.

If you do not consider the garment the greatest bargain you have ever seen, return it at once, when your cash shall be refunded in full, plus 1/- extra as indemnity, and this without demur.

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Because——

Wrigley's guards teeth against decay

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Now dentists have found that the regular use of a good chewing gum is one of the best possible ways of keeping your teeth in proper condition.

That is because Wrigley's cleans teeth as nothing else can. It penetrates the crevices between the teeth and pushes out the particles of food lodged there. It gently presses back the edges of the gums and removes the bits that always escape the brush.

It stimulates the flow of saliva which flushes away these waste things that otherwise would cause decay.

Use Wrigley's because it's a delightful sweetmeat that costs very little and lasts a long time. But use it also because it's an important aid to health.

Buy it for the children. They love it and it does them good.

Buy it for yourself and use it after every meal.

Note.—Digestion also is benefited by the use of Wrigley's. The natural processes are stimulated by an extra flow of juices. Wrigley's brings a feeling of well-being and comfort after a full meal.

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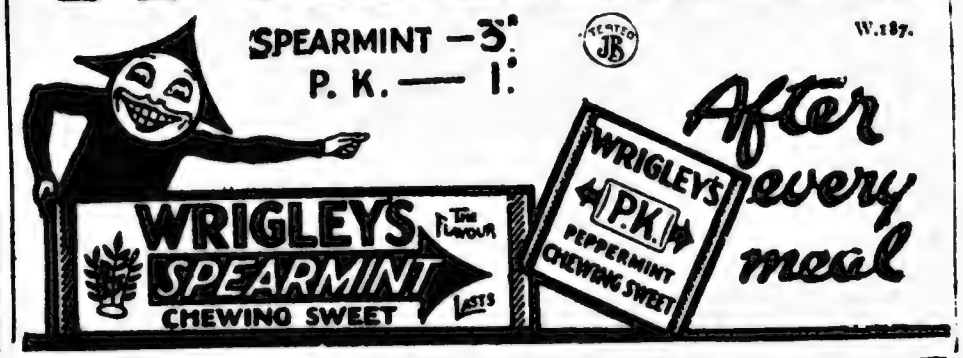

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It is a superb sweetmeat of *lasting* goodness.

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This elegant Spring Suit is smartly tailored on straight lines. The short coat fastens with two cloth buttons and carries pockets faced with material. The two-piece skirt has a broad tuck down the left side, giving fashionable wrap-over effect. It is trimmed with one button. Low priced at **69/11.**

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Words Winged to Women

My Way with Food Profiteers

How Women Can Bring Down Prices

by **EMILY JUSON KERR, J.P.**

IT is abundantly clear that, whatever else the Food Commission is going to do, it will not bring down food prices within reach of working women's pockets. Commissions sit and Commissions report, but still each woman, confronted with the task of provisioning a household on strictly limited means, must ask: "Why should I pay these terrific prices for food and other necessaries of life?"

The answer lies in the discretion of the housewife herself. Everyone, whether living in a large town or tiny village, can and should do her share in bringing down those prices.

How can this be done? First, see the reason, and then consider the remedy. The reason for high prices is that "combines" and "trusts" are composed of persons banded together in business, who buy up all available sugar, tea, meat, flour, soap, or whatever it may be, and agree among themselves that nothing shall be sold below a certain price. The small trader is helpless. Little shops would like to sell cheap, but they can't.

A little less sugar, a little less tea

The foil to this sort of thing means sacrifice from consumers, but I am among those who consider the outcome worth it.

This is my proposal. Let every woman in a town or district pledge herself to take less of what she considers necessaries. Mothers of families may squeeze things so that they take a little less sugar in the week (we had to do without in war-time), a little less tea, a meatless day (for those who otherwise are able to have meat every day in the week), reduce the number of bread loaves bought, by home baking—yeastless bread can be made quite good to eat. A list of substitutes for essential foods is prepared, and may be obtained by any woman in earnest to bring down prices.

Mrs. Juson Kerr, who will welcome correspondence on this subject.

No vendor wants to have goods on his hands he is unable to sell. He is a sensible person. If his customers take less, he orders less from his wholesaler, and this reacts on the combines. The more perishable the goods declined, the quicker the remedy works.

Here is a practical example of what has been done and what can be done again. A few years ago the price of milk in a certain district soared. There was a local housewives' union. It took the matter up. One morning every member told the milkman, "No milk this week, thank you."

Women are the masters

The housewives' union then took a small shop, obtained milk from a local estate, despite the desperate efforts of the local combine to prevent it, and sold milk at twopence per quart cheaper than anybody else. The battle raged for less than a week! *Milk prices came down at once.*

Do not forget that women, as chief purchasers, are masters of this terrible profiteering bogey whenever they care to move. The combines are afraid of women. They have cause to know. The housewives' union started a campaign against sugar prices.

A few months later the statement came from an authoritative source that over the whole of Great Britain one pound per head less of sugar per month was being consumed. The significant words were added, "Probably owing to a consumers' strike."

Inflated profits for food robbers

Women have the power to buy or not to buy. Moreover, they can combine. They can get together and call a town's meeting to discuss the matter. They can bring home to every combine and multiple company that lower prices will pay. Lower prices mean large turnovers, and women, rich and poor alike, must "do their bit" to bring the needed change. Otherwise, nothing is more certain than that consumers will themselves be consumed.

It was not to provide inflated profits for food robbers that one million British soldiers lie dead on foreign soil. Now, in loyalty to them, women must do their share in bringing down prices. No, not Mrs. Robinson in the next street, or Mrs. Brown at the cottage over the hill, but *you!*

Our Lost Daughters

by **LADY FLORENCE DENE**

THE recent crop of crimes in which young people have figured suggests to me that the mothers and fathers of this country have lost control of their sons and daughters—particularly of their daughters.

Only the other day we had a well-known coroner stating emphatically that girls to-day were all leading double lives. Common sense and common observation must incline to corroboration of this. The young girl at the present time is a girl who, to say nothing else about her, can lead her life entirely apart from her mother.

The sympathy that formerly existed between mother and daughter is sadly lacking. The family life of twenty years ago is unknown to our young people.

I AM not one who says that this is entirely a bad thing. I believe that there were Victorian habits we are better rid of, and that a girl is none the worse for independence and a certain liberty. But it is regrettable that our mothers should be so out of touch with their daughters—or the daughters so out of touch with the mothers.

It is not enough to say that the girls belong to one generation and the mothers to another. The reason lies deeper than that. The fault is with the mothers. It seems to me that they have allowed their daughters to grow away from them, that they themselves have failed to keep young with the rising generation.

Instead of interesting themselves in the new things that come along every day, instead of entering into their children's pleasures wholeheartedly, they have clung to the beliefs of yesterday and the almost forgotten ways of a departed day. They have grown old instead of keeping young.

THERE is a danger in this as well as a tragedy. Our children, still in their teens, have turned to the people who "understand" them. They have grown away from the placid home life, and they are pursuing their pleasures in the gilded night life of our great cities where the lights glare and the saxophones play.

What happens? One girl kills her mother because she is being kept from dancing. She is declared hopelessly insane. Another is lying under sentence of death for the murder of her married lover. Another dancing girl staggers home with a wound in her throat and dies on her mother's doorstep.

There is a long list of such tragedies. The list will be longer unless mothers reclaim their lost daughters, or hold on to the daughters they are losing. They must realise that our modern city girls must have the joys of to-day. They must keep young with their daughters if they are to keep their sympathy and love.

HOME life has not yet gone overboard. But it is going unless our mothers make an effort and enter into the spirit of their children. It is up to the mothers to look after those daughters.

Not "parental control," as the coroner suggested, but parental sympathy and understanding will win the day. Without it our girls are becoming prey for the white slavers and dope fiends.

How to Keep Well

Half-Moon Nails

by A Wimpole Street Physician

NO matter what one's work is, the finger-nails ought to be properly cared for; and in many occupations, both for men and women, it is of the greatest importance that the hands should look well.

Over-manicuring is almost worse than under-manicuring.

The important points are that the nails should be short, scrupulously clean, and show the half-moons at their bases.

A few simple manicure implements are a great help: a pair of nail-scissors, a nail-file (and perhaps an emery board to finish off the filing), a packet of orange-sticks, nail-powder and a polishing-pad, and some "cold cream" comprise the outfit.

Once a week the nails should be cut and thoroughly manicured, and then slight attention daily is sufficient to keep them in order.

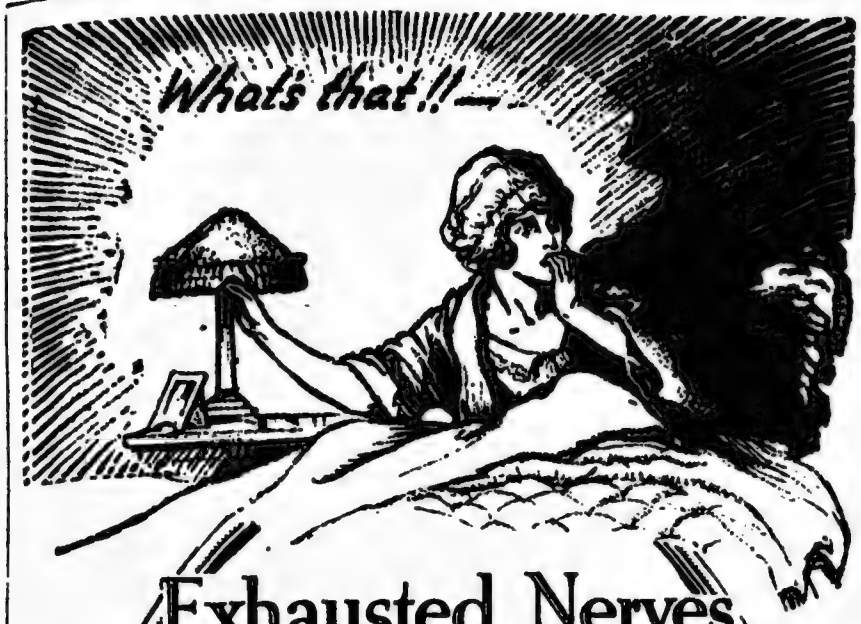
For the weekly manicure, the hands should first be soaked in a lather of soap and hot water for about five minutes.

This makes the hard skin at the bases of the nails soft; and with an orange-stick dipped in the cold cream the skin at the bases and sides of the nails is pushed back all round.

The ends of the nails are then evenly trimmed with the scissors, and filed to make them smooth.

Then, after drying the hands, a little powder is dabbed on each nail, and they are polished with the pad until they shine.

With this weekly manicure all that is necessary to do daily is to push back the skin with the orange-stick and cream, file the ends, and polish.



Exhausted Nerves

SLEEP comes at last after many hours of wakefulness. But it is restless sleep. You wake at the slightest noise. When morning comes you feel more tired than when you went to bed.

Your nerves are fagged out and exhausted. They are starved for lack of nerve-restoring nourishment.

Avoid drugs. Only nourishment will restore frayed and worn nerves and recharge them with vital energy.

"Ovaltine" is supremely rich in nerve-restoring nourishment. In addition to the wonderful nutriment obtained from ripe barley malt and creamy milk it contains the protein and phosphorus wealth of fresh eggs. "Ovaltine" is therefore abundant in all the vital properties for building up healthy brain and nerve tissue.

Take a cup of delicious "Ovaltine" regularly before retiring. The nerve restoring elements pass at once into the system. The nerves are soothed and sound refreshing sleep quickly follows.

While you sleep new energies are created to carry you through the work and worry of the coming day.

"Ovaltine" contains all the vitamins, and these are present in correct ratio; furthermore, it is emphasised that "Ovaltine" contains, also in correct ratio, all the other equally important factors of a complete and perfect food.

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It is economical to purchase the larger size tins.

'OVALTINE' RUSKS

More appetising, easily digested, and much more nourishing than ordinary rusks or biscuits. *Price 1/6 and 2/6 per tin.*

P. 293

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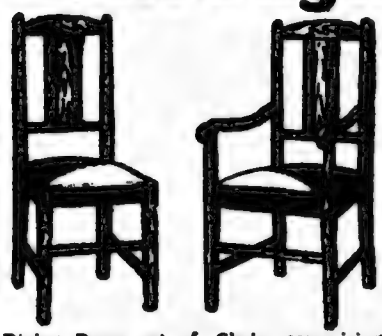

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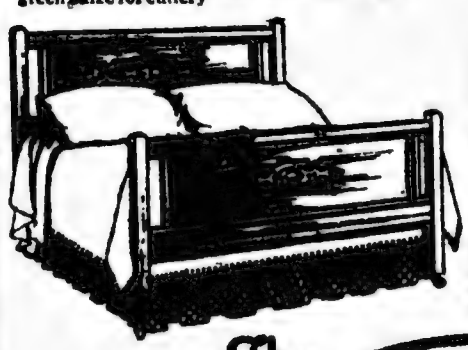

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Handsome full panel Bedstead, in Oak, size 4 ft. 6 in. by 6 ft. 6 in., fitted with sanitary steel sides, polished a rich antique colour or light fumed oak. Complete with wire spring mattress with raised ends, overlay mattress, bolster and two feather pillows **£8-15-0**

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ANCESTRY AND GOUT

Can we escape from the heritage of Gout? A fortune can be squandered or disposed of in philanthropic ways, but the legacy of suffering bequeathed by your gouty ancestors can only be avoided by detecting the earliest signs and taking a remedy to prevent the gouty poison, Uric Acid, accumulating in your system.

If you come of a gouty family, gout in some form will inevitably develop in your own body, unless you take it in time, and to do this you must be able to recognise the first symptoms. Gout begins with more or less trifling ailments—acidity, flatulence, heartburn, indigestion, sluggish liver, frequent headaches, low spirits, and irritability. Then urates deposit themselves in the joints, muscles and nerves and cause great pain, inflammation, and swelling.

All this can be prevented by the timely use of Bishop's Varalettes, the most effective solvent and eliminant of uric acid known; a logical and scientific remedy for gout and rheumatism introduced over 20 years ago by Alfred Bishop Ltd. During this time innumerable letters of thanks have been received from sufferers of both sexes who have been freed from this unwelcome heritage. Varalettes will free you! So confident are we of their efficacy that we will refund the 7/- paid for a 25 days' treatment if no relief is obtained after following the directions. Just write and send us the 7/- size wrapper.

Bishop's Varalettes can be had of all chemists, prices 3/- and 7/-, or post free from the makers, Alfred Bishop Ltd., 50, Spelman Street, London, E.1.

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At Last, Here is What You Have so Long Been Seeking.

FOUR CIGARETTES SENT FREE.

Do you get up in the morning with a stopped-up nose? Are your breathing passages clogged with a cold? Does your head feel choked up and dull? Have you that mean, low-spirited feeling which comes from lack of proper oxygen? If so, here is a pleasant, harmless cigarette that will clear out the head, nose and throat.

These cigarettes are the formula of Dr. J. W Blosser, and are composed of medicinal herbs, flowers and berries.

Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes contain no tobacco, no cubebs, nothing habit forming, and are entirely harmless. They are used by women and children as well as men. These are not to be confused with the "cubeb" or other similar cigarettes.

It is so simple to inhale this pleasant and soothing smoke. Much more convenient than using sprays, washes, douches, etc.

Write immediately to Dr. Blosser, Ltd. (Dept. 121 C.H.), Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4, and you will receive a trial package by return post. Enjoy a delightful surprise by having a clear head.

The small size package, containing 20 cigarettes, is sold by all chemists at 1s. 6d.

Human Documents

Terrorised by Superstition

Wife First, Sisters Second—A Brother's Guilt—Women and Moneylenders

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer are suppressed so that the authors may not be identified. In cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient interest to be helpful to others, correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes if they wish to be answered through the post. Ten shillings is sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed.

"I WAS married nine months ago to one of the best men in the world. We are quite young, my husband twenty-seven and myself twenty-three. We are both devoted to each other. He is kindness itself to me, and until three weeks ago I thought I was a very lucky girl, indeed, to have found such a partner in life.

"My happiness has been destroyed since the day I had my hand read by a woman who told me that I would have two husbands. It upset me so much to think that I should have to lose the one I love that he noticed my distress and asked me the cause of it. I had to tell him, and as both my husband and myself are of a very highly strung temperament, you can imagine how the matter preyed on our minds and made us miserable.

"A week or two passed and we were doing our best to forget it when the prediction seemed to be confirmed in a manner which gave me terrible cause for alarm.

"I WAS out shopping with my mother when two gipsies asked us to buy some white heather. We did so, and then one of them offered to read my hand. With what the other palmist had told me in my mind, I consented, hoping that this one might see differently.

"To my horror she told me the same thing, only worse. She said that I would be a widow within six months, and that my husband would meet his death by an accident.

"As my husband is engaged in a dangerous occupation, I feel it is quite likely that this will come true. I could not keep it to myself, and now we are both worried to distraction.

"WHAT can we do, Humanist? The idea of losing my dear husband, who means all the world to me! I think I shall go mad thinking of it. There seems nothing to do, only to wait and pray. We have tried to put it out of our minds, but you can understand the terror of having it ringing in one's head constantly, 'Six months to live, six months to live!'

"Oh, Humanist, help us if you can!"

"Humanist" says:—*You are needlessly distressing yourself, but your terror should teach you what a benevolent disposition of Providence it is that the future is not revealed to us. It is a criminal offence to pretend to tell fortunes, and you should inform the police at once of this woman who has destroyed your happiness. Do this, and I am sure the result will prove to you that she can claim no knowledge of what is likely to happen in the future, even to herself.*

"I AM now forty. Fifteen years ago I came to this place from a large city to make a home for my widowed mother and youngest sister, believing that my prospects would be better away from the crowd. Two other sisters refused at the time to have anything to do with my idea of starting life in another town and we have been out of sympathy ever since.

Duty to Himself

"I got a little house, furnished it, settled my two loved ones in it, obtained work in my trade, and set my ship sailing. I lived and worked entirely for the comfort of my mother and sister. I did four years in the Army during the war, making an allowance for the support of the home, and I returned in 1920 just in time to see my mother die.

"Since then, I have supported my sister and kept the home going. Now, I feel torn between love and duty. Last year I met a woman of sympathetic nature and our friendship has ripened.

"I put my sister in the way of earning a living, but she left it and determined to enter a religious house. After a month there she has expressed a wish to return home. To add to the trouble, one of the other sisters, who has been for years in a convent in London, now says that she must come home for health reasons.

"I think I have been a good son and brother, but must I continue to carry on this home as a sort of refuge for relations. Am I never to have the happiness in my own home that every man hopes for?"

"Humanist" says:—*I think you have more than done your duty to your relatives. Marry, by all means, and if you have anything left after making provision for your wife, then you can help your sisters if necessary.*

"AS a widower with two young children I married a widow with one child—a boy. We have since had two children born to us, so that now we have a family of five.

A Bad Apple

"We have been happy during our nine years together, but now a terrible problem has arisen. There is a bad apple in the basket, and it is turning the others bad also.

"The bad apple is my wife's son, now eleven years old. The lad seems to be evil personified. Believe me, I am not putting it too strongly, for if he has one good quality we have failed to discover it. Even my wife, who loves him dearly, can find no redeeming feature.

"He arouses all that is bad in the other children. He teaches them and encourages them in everything that is wrong. We are rapidly losing every vestige of control over them, so that the house is becoming an abode of misery.

"We have tried every means of altering the boy. We have punished him severely with the rod and confinement and other recognised methods of dealing with refractory children. We have tried unfailing kindness for months at a stretch.

"My wife cannot bear the thought of sending him to an industrial school or any place of that description. She says it would ruin him irretrievably, and that his only chance of becoming a decent citizen is through home influence.

"What are we to do? He is doing incalculable harm to the other children. My wife would agree to anything that she thought would be for the best, and I am convinced that without him we should have a happy home with the other youngsters growing up a credit to us."

"Humanist" says:—*If he is quite beyond control, you will have to try the effect of some reformatory institution. The only alternative is to let him go on until he has completely corrupted the others and they all have to be sent away. Though your wife may feel the parting from her first-born, she must make up her mind which of the two alternatives will cause her the more distress.*

"I AM a married man with four children, and during our eight years of married life my wife and I have been very happy and united until the wickedness of another woman has recently placed a mar on what at one time appeared to be our endless felicity.

A False Accusation

"This woman has been a frequent visitor to our home, and we have always been on friendly terms with her, believing her to be of upright character. To my surprise, I have learned that she is about to become a mother, and she is accusing me of being responsible for her condition.

"I am as innocent of this as my youngest child, and my brother, who is also a married man, has confessed to me that he is the guilty one, but he has begged me not to make his guilt known to his wife, as she is in a feeble state of health and the knowledge of his conduct might have a very serious effect upon her, possibly even fatal. What am I to do?"

"Humanist" says:—*Tell your wife the truth, to start with. Your duty to her and to yourself surely debars you from supinely accepting this false accusation. Your brother is alone responsible for any serious consequences of the wrong he has done, and your wife will surely not betray your confidence.*

Wait and Wed

"After courting for two years, my earnings are too small to marry yet. My sweetheart's married sister is going abroad for two years and wants her to go, too. Am I right in asking her to stay?"

"Humanist" says:—*No. Let her go. It will do her good to travel, and if she is of the same mind when she returns you will be in a better position to marry. You can save a lot of money in two years if you try.*

Bullied by Moneylenders

"I am a widow depending upon a married daughter for support. Lately, I have found out that she has got into the hands of a moneylender without her husband's knowledge, and she is greatly worried. Do you think I ought to tell her husband about it?"

"Humanist" says:—*No, but impress upon her that she ought to tell him herself. Moneylenders are always quick to take advantage of a woman's reluctance to confide in her husband, but they will sing smaller when they have a man to deal with.*

Pushed Into It

"After my wife died I became friendly with a young woman of a pushful nature, and I said something in a letter about hoping that some day she might look after my motherless child. I have since discovered that she has been living a loose life, but she threatens to sue me if I don't marry her."

"Humanist" says:—*You must know best whether you definitely promised marriage or not, but if this pushful young woman has deceived you all along regarding her mode of life, you have a good defence, and you need not fear an action for breach.*

A Chance of Freedom

"My daughter, after spending several years in a mental institution, is now at home on a fortnight's licence. I have taken her to three specialists who all declare that she is mentally sound. Can she be compelled to return?"

"Humanist" says:—*Send copies of the medical certificates you have obtained to the superintendent of the institution and request extension of your daughter's leave pending consideration of a formal application for her release.*

WHY BE M.I.

DEAF

50% of those who are deaf need not be so. 40% could be considerably improved in hearing. The remaining 10%, which represents very bad long standing Cases, could be stopped from getting worse.

THIS is made possible by the DANJHILL AURAL MASSAGE treatment. A simple Appliance which can be used at home without skilled assistance. Think of it, half of those who are deaf could, if they would give 10 minutes twice daily, absolutely free themselves from this deafness.

This treatment has done it for hundreds. *Why not you?* Don't say it cannot be done. Try it. Knowing as we do what this treatment will do, we let every instrument out on trial first, because we know a trial will convince you.

TRY IT NOW

Test it at home and notice the results; you'll be surprised and wish that you had tried it before. Write for full particulars to—

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Manchester Branch: 24, The Park, Eccles.

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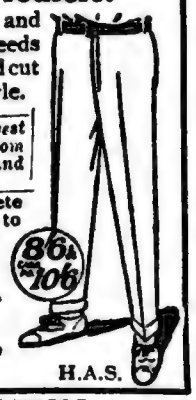
In Grey and Fawn Tweeds West End cut and Style.

176 CARR. PAID



State measurement over vest and length of sleeve from shoulder for Jacket and inside leg for Trousers.

The two Garments complete for 27/6 (or 25/6 according to quality of Trousers). Carr. paid.

86/- CARR. PAID 106

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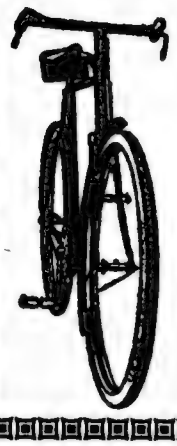

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to fray nerves and set up saddle discomfort. The "Terry" fits to you—needs no "breaking in"—ensures smooth riding at all speeds. Try one on satisfaction or money back *If difficulty to buy locally order from us.*

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Motor-cycle Models.

For Heavyweight Machines 51/6
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For Ultra-Lightweight Machines 37/6

Give rider's weight when ordering.

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SPRING-SEAT SADDLE

Herbert Terry & Sons, Ltd., Redditch, Eng. Est. 1855.

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SEE THE NAME "Cadbury" ON EVERY PIECE OF CHOCOLATE

Stuck like a Stamp!

THIN, very light and flexible. Enormously durable, *quite invisible in wear.* Securely attached with PHILLIPS SOLUTION ONLY. Will outlast three leather soles.

PHILLIPS PRESIDENT 'STICK-A-SOLES'

MEN'S - - 3/6 pair
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With PHILLIPS SOLUTION. From all Bootmakers. Fixing extra.

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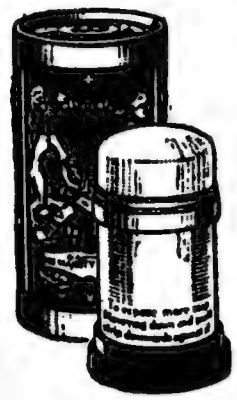
Ivostrip is a creamy-white column of Pears' Shaving Soap contained in a non-absorbent sheath and mounted in a patent non-metallic base. This sheath is dust-proof, damp-proof, and tears off clean and even when fresh soap is required. Pears' Ivostrip Shaving Stick is a little shorter and thicker than usual, to give perfect balance and a larger surface in use. It ensures quicker, cleaner and better shaving, at no increase in cost to you.



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Press cap down as far as it will go when fresh soap is required
Uncover soap by bending down loose edge of sheath
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Your Initial in Gold

Would you like your own initial handsomely imprinted on your Cycle or Motor-Cycle and Side-car? If so just fill in the Coupon below and we will send you a gold transfer of your surname initial, absolutely free.

With the transfer you will receive a copy of the ROBBIALAC leaflet on Cycle and Motor-Cycle enamelling, which explains how you can make your old machine sparkle with the radiance of a perfect finish. There is nothing to mix and nothing to add to ROBBIALAC; just use it as it comes from the tin. It flows on so smoothly and evenly that the brushmarks simply melt away as you paint, leaving behind a rich glass-like surface which will not chip or peel.

Read the booklet, then try ROBBIALAC on your machine. Get a tin from your local dealer. He stocks it in Black and many popular Colours.

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Our Letter Parliament

The Medical Mania

Penalised Jurymen—Railway Rates—Let Tenants Tell

Doctors Die Young

The article "Why Die?" is against religion. How is it doctors do not live the longest since they know of precautions against diseases? The length of life must have depreciated, for the Book says the average is seventy years, as against fifty odd now. Sir Ronald Ross says, "To-day there are many fine young fellows of seventy." Where?—*E. Johns, Fulham.*

A Well-spent Sixpence

The suggestion made by Sir Ronald Ross for an annual subscription of 6d. to medical research should make an immediate appeal to the general public. If the Government will not do anything, surely some private individuals could start an association on these lines. A little judicious organisation and advertisement would soon get the thing going, and the result would be enormously beneficial.—*H. L. Watson, Beckenham.*

Handicapping Research

If only a portion of the money which is spent on patent medicines and quack remedies were given to assist research work it is fair to assume that a pronounced reduction in disease would soon be manifest. Doctors are terribly handicapped in their efforts in research work by lack of the necessary funds. Money advanced and spent in this direction would be the finest incentive to yet more diligent research.—*Every Labourer Worthy, Nottingham.*

Useless Inoculation

Sir Ronald Ross gives the credit to inoculation for the small percentage of typhoid cases during the war. Should it not be due to the precautions taken to purify the drinking-water and other sanitary arrangements? Where this was not possible, as in Gallipoli, inoculation was useless against enteric. Inoculation has had nothing to do with the conquest of malaria. Common sense pointed to the swamps, and the engineers did the rest.—*R. L. Eagle, Sydenham.*

Doctors Would Starve

The medical profession is largely to blame for public apathy. When we read of its antipathy to every new medical discovery; of its callous treatment of its own members who dare to administer anæsthetics for unregistered practitioners, and its ostracism for signing newspaper articles, one does not wonder at the public's lack of confidence in the B.M.A. A graver point is that under the present system doctors prosper while ill-health prevails, and would starve with its banishment.—*F. L. M., Bucks.*

A Bar to Research

Sir Ronald Ross' plea that more public money should be spent on scientific and medical research is very timely. Many men whose interests and enthusiasms lie in the direction of research work are debarred by the fact that anything they may accomplish is of necessity "a labour of love," and the greater part of their time and energy has, therefore, to be spent in earning a livelihood. Were they assured of an adequate recompense for their labours, the gain to humanity would be enormous.—*H. N., London, S.E.*

Food Doctoring

The thought of foodstuffs being doctored is obnoxious. Some of the preserving agents are doubtless harmless enough to the adult, but in the case of infants and growing children the effects are harmful. A stern veto of the practice should prevail.—*Harry Clinton, Notts.*

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

A Citizen's Privilege

I am a clerk, married, with a family of four. My salary is £3 per week. I was called on jury service for one day, and received on pay-day only £2 10s., the day on jury service being deducted from my wage. I interviewed my manager, who stated that there was no remedy. Is this an example of English law?—*Bread Winner, Wallasey.*

The Bombed Robbed

The revelation of the way the Government has treated the people whose houses and businesses suffered devastation during air-raids, and who were promised compensation, is welcome. Insured or not, the claimants to compensation are alike shamefully served. If Germany must pay and does pay, then why does not the money come to the right people?—*R. E., Birmingham.*

A Capital Suggestion

You are repeatedly calling attention to serious frauds made by people registering limited companies under high-sounding names. I would suggest that it be made compulsory by law for all companies to have the amount of their paid-up capital put on their letter headings, etc. This would enable traders to know the financial standing as regards subscribed capital.—*A. R., Sudbury.*

The Broad and Narrow Way

Prof. Lofthouse has named Greed, Hate and Fear as the three deadly poisons of life. Are not these due, in the main, to narrowness of mind? To settle differences between nations, or in the industrial world, broad-mindedness is required. Let us choose our leaders and thinkers for their breadth of mind—men who will see both sides of every question and compare differences with the common standard of truth and justice.—*Humble Bee, Cumberland.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"NEWS OF THE WORLD":—"Many of them never try to effect TEMPORARY repairs, but they are ADEPTS AT TEMPORARY ones."

"DAILY EXPRESS":—"There will be SIX witnesses; EIGHT foreigners and the REST Egyptians."

"SOUTHERN DAILY ECHO":—"What HAPPENED TO BE SMOKE issuing from the spire of the parish church was FOUND TO BE a cloud of gnats."

"SOUTH WALES ECHO":—"Celia . . . rose, following him with wide eyes of alarm ABOVE HER HANDS."

"VIOLET MAGAZINE":—"She was BARE-HEADED, but a cloak of palest coral pink silk was thrown over her SHINING HAIR."

"HORNER'S STORIES":—"His FACE had grown very LOW and HUSKY."

"SOUTH WALES ECHO":—"She met the defendant in a Swansea SAFE."

"SUNDAY POST":—"These two men, associated for the better part of TWO CENTURIES with death, lived a secret life."

A Sermon for the Savage

We go about the world preaching Christianity, telling the black man to love his neighbour and to turn the other cheek; yet, in cold blood and in calm deliberation, we pinion a fellow-creature and coolly pay an executioner to send him to his Maker! What a sermon for the ignorant black savage to ponder upon! What an absolute paradox!—*E. Burton, W. Norwood.*

Freights Frighten

Coal, shipbuilding and engineering are suffering from high cost of production, loss of markets, and foreign competition. This vexed problem could be solved by co-operation. A small sacrifice made by more successful industries, railway and shipping companies, by way of special reduced freights, could do much to alleviate the stress of these crippled industries. In Germany special reduced freights have proved a valuable asset in regaining trade.—*A. Macrae, Leith.*

Insulted by "Dole"

As an old soldier, I take a strong objection to the use of the term "dole." Men are compelled by Act of Parliament to insure against unemployment. If the Government cannot find them employment, why should they be insulted? I, like many others, gave the best of my life to my country, serving in the South African War and during the last war. Being between the age of forty and fifty, it is not easy to obtain work as there are so many ex-Service men without employment.—*An Old Soldier, Leicester.*

Poor, but Honest

Fifty years ago my father was killed in a coal-mine, leaving a widow, with no compensation, and no means to rear her children. She appealed for help to the guardians, and received a shilling per child per week, with nothing for herself. Not enough to buy us bread! My eldest brother had to enter the mine when eight years of age, and I had to follow his steps when ten. Yet, through all our poverty, mother brought us up to be lovers of truth, justice and purity. Are the children of 1925 better off?—*Old Miner, Llanelly.*

Trembling Tenants

Companies are compelled to disclose to the income-tax authorities the earnings of their servants. Why not also compel tenants and sub-tenants to disclose to the same authorities the amount they pay to their landlords? Tenants, especially those occupying furnished flats, refrain from exposing landlord tax-dodgers for fear of eviction. Under the law's protection, however, the plundered would readily yield the information that should benefit the Exchequer, and perhaps result in landlords being prosecuted for arrears of tax.—*South-West, London.*

No Prison Taint

Young persons who have been dishonest have to go to prison, where they probably become acquainted with old criminals. Before I came to Nottingham sixty years ago, I lived in Germany and spent four years at Hameln. There I saw a large establishment, called a workhouse, for prisoners who had not committed serious offences. There they found a variety of work, including agriculture and gardening—they could choose what they liked and if they worked well they got a recommendation which enabled them to find work when they left. About 1860 I lived at another town, Celle, and there I saw a similar institute.—*J. H. Runge, Notts.*

Buying a bike?

You will never enjoy cycling with an uncomfortable saddle. If you want the comfort to last you must make sure of the leather and spring work.

You can depend on a name built on enduring quality.

BROOKS

SADDLES

Have you had a Wheelman's Wallet?

J. B. BROOKS & CO., Ltd.,
92, Criterion Works, Birmingham.

Cars to Cost More?

by MOTOMAC

UNTIL a week ago I was under the impression that the British motor industry was having quite a good time.

Personal observation, Press reports, and manufacturers' published apologies for having to disappoint customers who wanted deliveries were to blame for this unwise and optimistic belief.

Evidently the business was at its last gasp, and has just been saved in time by the miraculous intervention of Mr. Churchill.

British cars have been developed under special conditions. The horse-power tax compelled the makers to evolve a type which is remarkably economical, though in every way suitable for our roads.

Foreign competition compelled them to produce cheaply. These influences operating conjointly resulted in something really good.

What will be the result of the removal of one of these influences? Speaking as a car user, not as a trader or shareholder, I fear that users will lose.

CAR prices were constantly tending to a lower level. The object of the tariff is to combat that tendency. If it succeeds future buyers will pay more than they would otherwise have paid.

Present buyers will, of course, hasten their purchases on cars which they have every reason to believe will be advanced in price on July 1.

If the first effect of the Budget is to cause a slump in British cars, it will be no more astonishing to me than the unexpected boom which followed the removal of the duties less than a year ago.

About the future divergent views are held. One great expert has stated that the motor trade in two years will be employing 25 to 30 per cent. more hands. Mr. Churchill, disowning all fiscal theories, desires only revenue.

They can't both be exactly right. If the cars are built in Britain, thereby creating all these jobs, there will be no revenue. If revenue accrues, then cars have been imported, and there won't be all these jobs.

BOTH things will happen. Buyers will still fancy certain foreign cars. Delages, Chryslers, Fiats will still be a market. The demand for Morris cars, Austins or Crossleys is by no means satisfied. One other thing will happen, the buyer's choice at a price will be restricted.

A 14 h.p. Crossley and a 14 h.p. Delage saloon are practically the same price to-day. After July 1 the latter may be £100 more.

The buyer can still pay his £100 it is, according to the Chancellor, "a voluntary tax"; if he does pay, he has £100 less to spend on other things, which is not good for trade; if he does not pay, Crossley's get an order which they might not otherwise have got. It is good for Crossleys. A competitor has been eliminated.

In due course many competitors will be eliminated. Good makers at home will get all the business they want, With order books full, they will be able to keep up prices. The less efficient makers will get their share of the surplus orders, and some innocent motorist will be landed with the inefficient product.

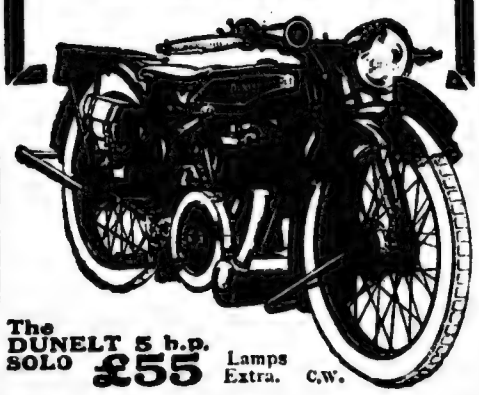
DUNELT

£13 : 16 : 3 Cash Down

Secures immediately delivery of the DUNELT Model "G" Solo, balance monthly. There is POWER and SPEED in plenty—and the VALUE is incomparable. Write for Catalogue NOW. Outfits complete from £70.

For cheap and enjoyable family Motoring there is nothing to equal the DUNELT Model "H" Tandem Outfit. Price £82 10 0, or £20 12 6 cash and balance monthly. Ask for details.

DUNFORD & ELLIOTT, Ld., Dept. J.B.,
Bath Street, BIRMINGHAM.



The DUNELT 5 h.p. SOLO £55 Lamps Extra. C.W.

PICTURE POSTCARDS of CAGE BIRDS free Set of eight beautifully coloured Send 1½ for postage

F. CAPERN Bird Food Manufacturer 48, LEWINS MEAD BRISTOL

Fixed up your holidays yet?

No matter where you want to go—you'll travel cheaper and infinitely more comfortably if you let the "Seven" take you.

Cost?—why, you'll save a big proportion of its purchase price, for you'll find no need of the expensive amusements that holidays demand—if the Austin Seven is at your beck and call.

The Austin Seven

LONDON—LAND'S END TRIAL. Eight Austin Cars entered and gained 8 Awards, including 5 GOLD MEDALS.

The AUSTIN MOTOR CO., Limited,
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LONDON: 479-483, Oxford St., W.1 (*Near Marble Arch*).

Features:—

4-cylinder engine
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A door for the driver
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Two adjustable seats
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From £7 : 0 : 0 to

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All Agents have been notified.

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"*John Bull*"
said:—

"I saw the vouchers and cheques—Douglas Stuart is something more than a double event king, he rules an empire of satisfied punters."

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NO WAY BARRED.
1/3rd Odds for Places.
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Douglas Stuart,
5, DRURY STREET,
GLASGOW.
"DUGGIE NEVER OWES."

'Backers will be perfectly safe in dealing with Sutters & Co."—*Sporting Life.*
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TELEGRAMS fully paid, even if lost or wrongly transmitted.
1/3rd ODDS FOR PLACES on ALL future events.
Apply To-day,
196, St. Vincent St., GLASGOW

The Best Two for the Derby

Taylor's Luck—A French Flier—A £4,000 Jockey—Speed Merchants

RACING is a funny game. A few weeks ago I mentioned that the odds of 6 to 1 against Picaroon winning the Derby were not likely to be extended. After his runaway victory at Newmarket he shortened to 3 to 1 for the Epsom race. Then came the leg trouble and the magnanimous bookmakers will now give you sixty-sixes!

The Best Outsider.

Alec Taylor, the trainer of Picaroon, has had tantalising luck in pursuit of the Derby, but he will make a bold bid for the race with his second string, Cross Bow, whom I consider one of the best outsiders.

Lord Astor's Luck.

The colt is owned by Lord Astor and Frank Bullock will ride. I think our three-year-olds are a bad lot, and this is one of the years anything may happen. In the past Lord Astor has shared in the Manton bad luck at Epsom, and it is time the tide of fortune turned in his direction. For the moment I suggest Ptolemy to win and Cross Bow each way as the best bets, unless, of course, Picaroon makes a miraculous recovery

Ptolemy II.

You can take it from me that Donoghue is now on the side of those who rate Ptolemy II. the most likely one for the Derby. "Steve" made a special trip to Chantilly to ride the colt, and was very well pleased indeed with his action. Donoghue laughs at the idea of Ptolemy being out of place at Epsom, and I am afraid the French horse is going to be a firm favourite. Still, there ought to be a better price on the day, so don't back him yet.

Denman, the French Wizard.

Robert Denman, the trainer of Ptolemy and last year's Lincoln winner, Sir Gallahad, has always said that the Frenchman is a great horse, and I have every respect for his opinion. Denman has been training horses in France for over forty years and many of their best have passed through his hands. He has had his eye on the Derby before, and I mentioned recently how unlucky he was not to capture the race for Mr. M. E. Blanc with Jardy in Cicero's year. Another person with a high opinion of Ptolemy is the French handicapper. In two free handicaps for the best three-year-olds in France, Denman's horse was weighted four pounds more than any other animal.

Robert Denman, the trainer of Ptolemy

This Week's Big Race.

The French hope for the Kempton Park Great Jubilee Stakes, Irismond, is running well enough in France, without actually winning, to make it clear he is a really good horse, and his weight in this race is amazing considering his class. The chances are that "Steve" will have the mount, and the horse will certainly be backed if sent to run. I should only back Irismond in the absence of Tapin. This bogey horse can win if he likes.

Six Favourites at Sandown.

Six favourites scored in succession at Sandown. With the exception of Shaun Spadah, I was on the lot, including my code selection Scotch Pearl. After the meeting, one of my friends asked me to explain a conundrum. At Epsom, and the first day at Sandown, when the outsiders rolled up and the bookmakers' satchels bulged with notes, they cramped the prices. On the last day of the Sandown Park meeting when the favourites commenced to come home alone, they were most liberal. I cannot solve the riddle, but I do know that several layers in Tatts were borrowing from each other before the last race. Rathcoole, number six, duly obliged and their cup of bitterness overflowed.

HOPE.

I never reared a young gazelle
To greet me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well
And love me, it was sure to die.

I never found a cast-iron cert.
For some big handicap ahead,
But it was sure to suffer hurt,
Get boils, go lame, or drop down dead.

I put my shirt on Picaroon,
But all my fondest hopes are killed,
For Derby Day is coming soon,
And now his leg has been and filled.

Though trussed up in misfortune's coils,
A tiny ray of hope I get,
Remember Tapin and his boils.
My horse may win the Derby yet!

A £4,000 Jockey.

Earl Sande, the crack American jockey, who had the misfortune to meet with a terrible smash last summer, has made a complete recovery and will ride as first jockey to Mr. J. E. Widener. His fee is to be £4,000 irrespective of ordinary riding fees and bonuses. This is a nice little income in a country where the income-tax is not four shillings in the pound. But for his bad accident Sande would have ridden Zev in all his races against Epinard. He beat "Steve" on Papyrus, and was garlanded with flowers. This is almost as bad as footballers kissing each other at a cup-tie.

Town Guard Still in the Wars.

If ever there were an unlucky horse, it must be this cast-off from Gilpin's stable. I hear he has broken down again, and it will be surprising if he stands training for Ascot, where he was thought a good thing for the Gold Cup.

Look out for Labadens.

It is more than probable that this good horse will be backed to win his selected race at Ascot, but now is the time to step in and follow him. It would be unwise to leave him out in any race he goes for from now onwards. His owner will be at Ascot to see him run—and win.

A Smart Young Man.

I was one of the eye-witnesses of an amusing episode at a recent Sussex meeting. A smart young man, with a trunk full of jewellery, good, bad, and indifferent, gathered a crowd around him and asked a number of them to give him a penny. At least a dozen parted with a coin in the expectation of something good to come. The smart young man closed his trunk full of treasures, leaving a "gold" watch on view which, I presume, he intended to sacrifice to the highest bidder.

The Arm of the Law.

The twelve good people closed in upon him and he opened his selling talk with "The nearer you are to me, the nearer you are to heaven." At that moment a burly Sussex police-sergeant loomed up, spoke no word, but patiently watched the proceedings on behalf of the Crown.

A Penny Tip.

With the sergeant at his elbow, the smart young man lost his temper, asked what the police did in the Great War, and instead of auctioneering his gold watch, gave the twelve good people a penny tip for the next race. Marvellous to relate it won at 8 to 1. After his great success the smart young man forgot all about his bag of treasures, but loudly advertised himself as the greatest tipster of the day.

Speed Merchants.

A fast-time horse is always worth a modest bet every time he runs. So far this season some of the best speeds have been put up by Dunnottar, Caravel, Diacquenod and Vindictive. The last-named's time for a mile at Derby beat Caravel's by 1½ seconds, but Caravel was shouldering 19 lb. more.

Letters I Hate.

My mail-bag still brings me a great deal of correspondence from readers who are in financial difficulties and wish me to extricate them. Some of these letters are very distressing, and I hate to answer them, but it is no good advising people who are hard up to back horses. If you must have a flutter, do it with spare cash.

"SILVER RING."

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life and Sportsman, Sporting Chronicle Sporting Pink, Western Mail, Glasgow Noon Record, Birmingham Mail, Irish Independent, Cork Examiner, Aberdeen Sporting Express, Bristol Times and Mirror, Sheffield Early Bird, Portsmouth Sporting Mail, Sporting Man, Birmingham Sporting Buff, Liverpool Sporting Express, Mid-day Sporting Special, Belfast Irish News, Mid-day Sporting Chronicle.

A H I X J V G M 3 L P R Q S
2 Y K W E T O C F U N D B Z

How to read the code:—In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line, as the case may be. Z G U 2 D K G would read SOLARIO

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from May 6 to May 12.

Horses to Follow

SOPRON.—This four-year-old is a son of Prospector, one of the finest milers of his time. I saw Sopron slam a field of thirty-three at Hurst Park last back-end. He has won twice this season, and will carry off some important handicaps.

ZAROPE.—I was told to back Zarope to win a packet first time out. I did and he ran fourth. I coded Nightingall's horse at Sandown and he won all right. He will do so again.

WAVINI.—Horses trained by Stevens at Rottingdean often win at a nice price. Wavini was left at the post last time out, so this running can be ignored. Previously he ran second to The Merchant and his jockey objected to the winner, but did not get the race. Wavini will score over six furlongs.

LITTLE MABEL FILLY.—Was quietly fancied to win at Newmarket, but just failed to beat Grey Steppe. This was the filly's first outing. You will make money if you follow her.

PHANARITE.—It is an old racing axiom to back a two-year-old until he is beaten and then back his conqueror. Phanarite lowered the colours of Nothing Venture—the Risky colt—and in this case you can follow the axiom. Phanarite cost the Aga Khan 3,200 guineas as a yearling.

LADY DERELICT FILLY.—Stanley Wootton paid 950 guineas to retain this youngster after her last victory. The hint is obvious.

SPORTING LIFE
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YOUR Racing Paper.
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AND

Alfred H. Maurice

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Winnings by Return of Post!

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JUBILEE. Run May 9th.
MANCHESTER CUP. Run June 5th.

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One-Third the ODDS A PLACE on all FUTURE EVENTS.

THE DERBY. Run May 27th.

33 Alcarazas.	40 Pensacola.
25 Aske.	50 Picaroon.
25 Ayaz.	50 Pleasant Puss.
66 Brandelys.	40 Pons Asinorum.
25 Bucellas.	66 Princeps.
50 Captain Swift.	50 Priory Park
100 Captivating Hack.	4 Ptolemy II.
8 Conquistador.	100 Repertoire.
40 Constantius.	100 Right Arm.
10 Cross Bow.	20 Roidore.
40 Dalmagarry.	20 Runnymede.
66 Dandaloo.	40 Sereth.
33 Dignity.	66 Sherwood Starr.
25 El Cacique.	33 Silverado.
25 Ethnarch.	33 Sir Kenneth.
66 Field Argent	100 Skysail.
50 Flying World.	10 Solario.
50 Foxlaw.	40 Solitary.
20 Ginger IX.	16 Sparus.
33 Glommen.	50 Spelthorne.
66 Golden Eaglet.	7 St. Becan.
40 Grandpre.	33 St. Croix.
66 Gyges.	40 St. Napolean.
50 Highbinder.	66 Staresta.
33 Imperator.	50 Sunderland.
66 Justificateur.	20 Sun God II.
50 Kentish Glade.	66 Swiss Guard.
6 Manna.	40 The Mahdi.
100 Mark Twain.	40 The Sirdar.
50 Marksman.	33 The Virginian.
50 Masked Marvel.	66 The Wolf.
66 Mendoza.	100 Tissaphernes.
100 Mikael.	50 Tournesol.
33 Mint D'Or.	100 Traveller's Joy.
33 Mohammed Jamal.	40 Tresigny.
40 Motley.	40 Vicot.
50 My Crackers.	33 Warden of the Marches.
66 Oak Ridge.	20 Warminster.
16 Oojah.	8 Zionist

These prices are subject to Market Fluctuations In the event of a commission being received for any horse which has been scratched before the posting of the wager the bet will be void and the stakes returned.

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Any to Come or Cross Bets.
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Relief comes within five minutes of the very first application of "TIZ." No more burning or smarting. No more swollen perspiring feet. All aches and pains disappear—corns, bunions and blisters. Perfect foot comfort follows—no more limping with pain or shoe tightness. You can walk, run or dance as much as you like with perfect ease and freedom.

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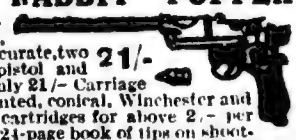

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John Bull's Letter Bag

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious and he wants you to see it in this light. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note and take his leave with a smile. Serious questions are handled by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service. See note at top of last column on this page.

D. P. (Lancaster).—"I look older than I did." But then, you are.

H. K. D. (Eltham).—"I never exaggerate." Not on your Schedule D., anyway.

J. T. (Manchester).—"I read this letter over to my wife before sending it to you." Then she has our sympathy.

N. P. (Putney).—"Our cat loves a drink of water." Ours always makes a fuss of the milkman, too.

M DE C. (Kensington).—"My sympathy goes out to the poor." That costs you an £ of a lot, doesn't it?

O. J. K. (Leicester).—"My young lady threatens to turn me down—what shall I do?" Don't turn up for a bit.

CISSIE (Portsmouth).—"When I read your reply I know it will make my heart beat quicker." Another case of increased circulation!

A. G. (Leigh).—"I have kept a butcher's shop for seventeen years." Then we'll bet it has kept you for just as long.

L. N. (Clerkenwell).—"I didn't see Tom Mix when he was in London." We understand he left the country a saddened man.

GEO. C. C. (Birmingham).—"Finally, is there anything you don't know?" Yes, how you find cheek to write as you do.

P. T. G. (Cambridge).—"By mistake, I put the kitchen clock back." Well, you can get it out again if you haven't lost the ticket.

E. S. (Arnside).—"My hired girl won't carry shopping though I gave her the prettiest basket." Perhaps she prefers the sack.

B. B. (Newcastle).—"Is early morning dangerous for sea bathers?" We believe a good many young men have met their fate then.

J. R. T. (Dunkirk).—"Now that I am getting older, I am changing every week." Good! Then the laundry *does* come home regularly.

B. EDWARDS (Twickenham).—"Somehow, when I play tennis, I always seem to have a row." Don't expect to play tennis without a racket, do you?

F. L. M. (Doncaster).—"Do you believe in the idea of punishment after death?" Sorry we can't undertake to discuss such burning questions so briefly.

N. K. (Bristol).—"My wife is a thoroughly sensible woman." Then, if, as they say, contrasts make the most successful marriages, how wonderfully happy you must be.

L. C. (Herne Bay).—"Is my argument sound?" Mostly.

J. D. (Pinner).—"Is it true that worry kills?" Yes, other people.

Mrs. P. (Horncastle).—"Can you read my face." Oh, yes, it's quite a plain type.

S. C. (Leeds).—"Are you a heavy smoker?" We turn the scale at about 10 stone 3.

C. H. (Putney).—"Pavement artists are not so numerous as they used to be." It's a flagging industry.

G. N. (Hove).—"Domestic service is not attractive." Still, most girls don't mind filling the copper.

H. L. (Sandown, I. or W.).—"I heard several cuckoos last week." We often go to political meetings, too.

C. J. (Long Preston).—"How can a man be fifty and fit?" By taking good care not to be forty and fat.

F. E. (Gloucester).—"Why shouldn't a batsman sky balls?" This sounds too simple. Is there a catch in it?

B. T. (Gatestone).—"My money is a curse!" Please do come along and swear at us for an hour or two.

F. N. (Exeter).—"I saw a lady leading a donkey last Tuesday." Did she shout "Snap!" when she saw you?

BESSIE (Liverpool).—"He doesn't even know how to make love properly." Evidently, an unskilled labourer.

J. T. (Southend).—"I fished all day in the cold and rain, and caught nothing." Never mind. You probably found the air biting.

J. J. (Glasgow).—"One cannot have too many bananas." We seem to remember that, not long ago, we had rather more than we wanted.

W. M. K. (Harlech).—"I have an ambition to climb to the top of a mountain." A better ambition is to climb to the top of the tree.

F. F. (Southgate).—"We are to have a district museum here." Who will be the first harassed ratepayer to present a stuffed tax-collector?

G. M. (Borrow).—"Another great war would shatter our civilisation beyond repair." But some of us would survive, we suppose, to gather up the peaces.

H. J. (Goring).—"I was thrown clean out of the charabanc and would have been severely hurt if I hadn't landed on something soft." Did you damage your hat?

G. T. (Faversham).—"A nation is healthy if it has a sound heart." And good constitution.

M. H. (Belfast).—"I am going to steel my heart against her." Then you won't allow her to steal your heart.

W. W. (Castleton).—"Until last week I was making money rapidly." And then did the police catch you at it?

A. B. C. (Conway).—"The thing is to know what we want." But we all know what we want! The thing is to get it!

Miss P. (Todmorden).—"They say new dance frocks are to be fuller." Then we may expect a great burst of new dance frocks.

J. M. (Chepstow).—"I can't *tell* you how interested I am!" Apparently, you can't—but eight pages was a good try.

MAISIE (Dorking).—"What do you think of this photo taken by my fiancé?" That he's doing his bit to cure you of vanity.

V. N. (Birmingham).—"The Government is making a hash of the sugar beet industry." It is not one of their sweets of office.

Miss D. (Newcastle).—"Can one make a fortune out of face powder?" Occasionally, if the features underneath are pretty enough.

Mrs. D. (Liverpool).—"I will never put myself in chains to moneylenders." You won't give them your shekels for their shackles.

"ACTIVE" (Purley).—"I want to have a really strenuous holiday." You should have no difficulty in finding a car to meet your requirements.

Mrs. G. (Wareham).—"When there's a collection I'm the first to put my hand in my pocket." And do you keep it there until the danger's over?

Y. J. (Leeds).—"Lovers should **not** be permitted to travel in crowded compartments but should have one to themselves." They'd still be squeezed.

R. M. C. (Rugby).—"The Budget hasn't done me any good." Tax your brains and you may add this week's *Bullets* £1,000 to your exchequer.

GERTIE (Horton-in-Ribblesdale).—"After saying he would face death for me he ran when we met a mad bull." Naturally. The bull wasn't dead.

Mrs. L. (Windsor).—"I know a married woman who plays first violin in an orchestra." And we know several married men who play second fiddle at home.

"THE greatest trust between man and man is the trust of giving counsel," said Bacon. By our Free Advice Service we have undertaken this trust with our readers, and whatever their difficulties, they may safely confide them to our experts as man to man, and feel assured of sympathetic treatment and the soundest advice obtainable.

Whether you are in doubt about your investments, uncertain regarding your legal rights or obligations, puzzled by domestic predicaments, or in need of guidance through matrimonial or parental entanglements, put your problem before us, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope for reply. You will soon join the mighty chorus that acclaims JOHN BULL the most helpful paper ever published.

ANNIE W. (Stoke).—"My first husband was a bully, and my second is a coward." In fact, first a Cave-Man, then Cave-in Man.

HAROLD T.-G. (W. 1).—"With rich relations supporting me, do you think I ought to work?" It depends on whether you've got enough (of them) to live on.

"DIRECTOR" (Leeds).—"They had magnificent offices, but it was a poor business." So, naturally, you preferred their room to their company.

WM. J. (Maidstone).—"I have achieved local prominence, but I'd rather be without it." Careful dieting and plenty of exercise are the best methods.

C. A. C. (Buxton).—"I've read his story carefully, but can't make much out of it." It seems likely then that the author won't make much out of it either.

W. McL. (Aberdeen). "I never can remember people's birthdays." Yet no doubt ungenerous friends suspect that explanation.

MOLLIE W. (Brent).—"When I told my fiancé I disliked make-up, he didn't believe me." No doubt he could see you were simply putting it on.

H. R. C. (Cookham).—"Some of your criticisms cut like a knife." But, take comfort, we always use the stainless variety.

L. P. E. (Macclesfield).—"All last winter I put off having my watch cleaned." Suppose you were waiting till the spring broke.

G. D. L. (Dover).—"Do you think we shall have a summer this year?" Yes, but we aren't good enough weather-prophets to foretell the exact day.

W. V. (Oldham).—"There is no such thing as pain." We are inclined to agree with you. But, unfortunately, there's such a darned good imitation!

C. W. C. (Maidenhead).—"Can one prevent evil from coming to one?" Apparently not. We've even tried bribing the postman.

A. B. N. (Leeds).—"Can you suggest a good Shakespearean quotation to put up over our new twins' cot?" Certainly—from *Macbeth*: "Double, double toil and trouble."

E. J. C. (Cardiff).—"Would you like me to send you some more manuscripts like the enclosed?" No; if you *must* send any more, make them as much unlike it as possible.

CONSTANCE B. (Saltburn).—"My young man's mother says my bathing-costume is too scanty." Tell her it isn't worth while to make a fuss about such a very small affair.

V. F. K. (Cheam).—"I can't pay my income-tax just yet, and now I am threatened with summons and imprisonment." Seems that, though you want time, you're afraid of getting it.

A number of replies unavoidably held over.

Making Merry in May

IF you've not yet bought a copy of the current *Passing Show*
You had better get one now, without delay.
The demand is still increasing and supplies are running low,
So you can't afford to throw your chance away.

There's a fine two-coloured cover that will make you rock with laughter;
There's a human touch about it rich and rare.
Gilbert Wilkinson's the artist, and his work is much sought after;
For his name is growing famous everywhere.

There are six-and-thirty pages simply crammed with gems of humour;
There is something there to suit your every mood.
There are skits and jokes and stories—'Tis a fact, and *not* a rumour
That there *never* was a weekly *half* as good!

If you're worried by the weather, if you're loaded down with care,
Rush out and buy *The Passing Show* to-day.
When you've read it you'll feel better and quite ready to declare
That it really is the MERRY month of May!

***Do not go to bed on Friday**—until you have read the* PASSING SHOW.

Be in time for

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Catesbys MADE TO MEASURE 'BURLINGTON' 55/-

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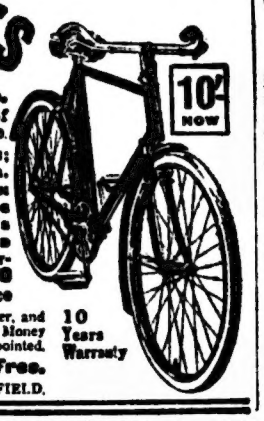

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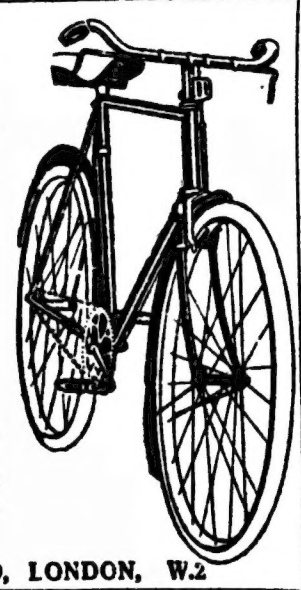
with the Everlasting Guarantee.



Agents for Raleigh Humber James Rudge Swift, etc.

7/6 MONTHLY

14 days' Free Trial

Cash Price - £4:17:6

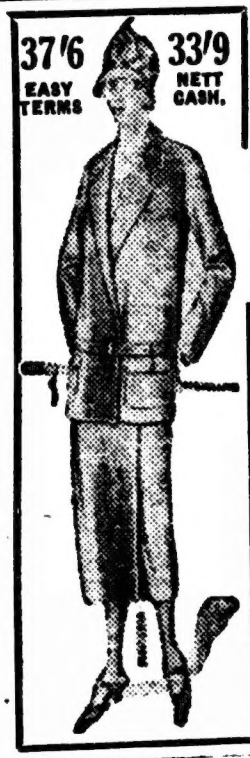
GENUINE B.S.A. CYCLES

Cash - £6:17:6 Monthly - 9:4

Write for Price List "G" Post Free.

WM. WHITELEY LTD., QUEENS ROAD, LONDON, W.2

37/6 EASY TERMS



33/9 NETT CASH.

AMAZING OFFER!

Guaranteed by MASTERS Ltd. Established over 50 Years

FOR ONLY 1/6 TO-DAY

TO enable every lady to be well dressed in up-to-date attractive style, Masters Ltd. make this amazing offer to supply this handsome Tweed Costume (as illustrated) on exceptionally easy terms of 1/6 deposit to accepted orders. This Costume is our latest creation, the pick of this season's fashions, a superior costume of extreme beauty, well tailored of good-wearing quality tweed cloth, in the latest Lovat shades of brown, blue and fawn mixtures; fully lined coat, patch pockets and breast pockets; buckle belt and everything the latest fashion; skirt the latest wrap-over style, giving complete freedom when walking. Stocked in all sizes, S.S.W., S.W. and W. Send 1/6 for this 37/6 Costume to-day; it is as good a costume as any lady could wish to wear—perfect cut that will please the most particular. The charm of being well dressed is now within your means—no need to wear old clothes when we offer you this charming high-class Costume on such simple easy terms. It is good quality and an attractive design that will please you. Send 1/6 to-day (P.O. or stamps), say colour preferred, and ask for the "Carlton" Costume—promise to pay 3/- in ten days and 4/6 monthly, and you have the Costume to wear while paying your monthly instalments. Full satisfaction or deposit returned. Don't miss this great opportunity.

Costumes, etc., 37/6 to £5 on easy terms. Illustrated Price List Free.

MASTERS LTD. 81, Hope St., RYE.

FIGURE BEAUTY

WEAR A NATURE-FORM CORSET

I will send you my new Model Ambron Corset "on approval" for deposit of 1/-

There are no steels or supports whatever, except a short 9½ inch duplex busk, which is protected by a cloth strip in front. Above and below this are rustless hooks and eyes for fastening.

Nature demands corset correctness and perfect comfort. All this is carefully studied in my new Nature Form Model Ambron Gold Medal Health Corset, which I particularly commend to ladies who desire a Corset and Bust-bodice combined, **free from steels,** excepting a 9½ inch duplex busk. It is the last word in suppleness and ease, and if you send coupon below, I will forward it for Home Trial.

Just 1/- deposit secures this Nature-Form Model on approval. This fine design is made in De Luxe Coutil, tested to a quarter of a ton strain per square inch.

Though the back is closed, the side silk elastic lacing permits fullest expansion. It is fitted with strong detachable suspenders, can be washed throughout, for there is nothing to rust. Send coupon NOW, if approved then send balance of price in one sum of 7/11 or 1/- weekly.

HOME TRIAL COUPON

Simply write full name and address on a piece of paper to which pin this Coupon.

Please send me the 8/11 Ambron "Nature-Form" Corset on approval. My measurements are:

Waist..... Bust..... Hips.....

State also size of Corset usually worn and whether White or Dove preferred.

I enclose 1/- deposit with 6d. postage, and if I do not immediately return Corset, I will either pay balance in one sum of 7/11 or by weekly instalments of 1/- each. Please cross Postal Order thus: / /

Sizes range from 20 ins. to 30 ins. only.

N.P. JOHN BULL. 9/5/25. No. 409.

Post your Order at once to

AMBROSE WILSON, LTD.,

409, Allen House, 70, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., London, S.W.1

The Largest Mail Order Corset House in the World.

When Children Cough

When you hear that warning croupy cough, rub Musterole over the child's throat and chest.

A clean, white ointment made with oil of mustard, Musterole speedily relieves the congestion. It has all the efficacy of the mustard plaster, without the blister.

Use Musterole for colds (it often prevents pneumonia), chilblains, sore throats, tonsilitis, and congestion.

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

MILLER'S MUSTEROLE WILL NOT BLISTER

Thos. Christy & Co., London

MILLIONS AND MITES

Poor Widows' Difficult Budgets

WHATEVER enthusiasm may be roused in the breast of the average tax-payer by the reduction of income-tax and the other blessings contained in Mr. Churchill's Budget, the schemes outlined by the Chancellor of the Exchequer afford little hope of relief for thousands of harassed widows and hard-working housewives who will still have to scrape and starve to balance their weekly income and expenditure without State assistance.

There is a vast number of the population living perpetually on the poverty line in this country whose difficulties are entirely untouched by the new proposals.

MICAWBER-LIKE, Mr. Churchill may declaim, "Annual revenue eight hundred millions, annual expenditure seven nine nine millions, result happiness," but his magnificent figures and grand gestures do little to alleviate the misery of the very poor who do not come within the scope of his imagination.

Thousands of mothers are married to men who are not eligible for National Health and Unemployment Insurance, and in times of slackness of trade they have to do the best they can for their little ones without the dole. If left widows, they are entirely unprovided for except by their own efforts to earn a pittance, which may be supplemented by the Poor Law relief which they detest.

Juggling with millions is a pleasant pastime for politicians seeking fame among the immortals, but the problem of balancing the budget of a widow who has to reckon in mites would puzzle the broad pate of many a famous Chancellor.

Let not those who have occasion to rejoice over the lightening of their burdens of taxation think that the necessity for relieving the distress of the poor is in any way lessened by the Budget.

The need for charity remains as great as ever, and we earnestly hope that those who rejoice will remember "The Greatest of These—" Fund, which exists to succour the needy whose mites are forgotten among the millions.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

9th Boundstone, 6d.; 9th of Treasure, 6d.; Misses Spencer, 5s.; M. T. P., 1s.; E. Purkiss, 1s. 1½d.; Mrs. R. Allen, 1s.; A. B., 1s.; Mr. K. Hunt, 1s. 1½d.; L. S. Bulwell, 5s.; "A Wee Bit," 1s.; W. N. Evans, 10s.; Every Little Helps, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. A. Williams, 10s.; Second Ninth, 1s.; V. Haydn, 2s. 6d.; A. Rigby, 1s.; L/Cpl. J. Wolfe, 6d.; M.A., 6d.; A. G. Lyonshall, 4s. 6d.; "Crystal," 2s. 6d.; H. C., 1s.; Phelo, 2s.; "Ack-Emma," 2s. 6d.; Miss Hadfield, 6s.; G. W. McGuire, £1 7s. 6d.; Hitchin, 1s. 6d.; G. E. Johnson, 1s.; G. Smith, 1s.; W. H. Duncanson, 8d.; G. F. Powell, 4s.; H. J. Nicholson, 6d.; E. Davies, 1s.; J. Nunn, 6d.; F. G. Clarke, 1s.; J. Allen, 6d.; G. Summers, 6d.; Nancy Jane, 1s.; W. Hewitt, 6d.; J. Parrott, 2s. 6d.; Paddy, 2s.; E. S. (Burnley), 2s.; Grateful Heart, 1s.; T. P., 6d.; Melton Mowbray, 2s.; "Chocolate," 5s.; Portslade-by-Sea, 4½d.; "1164," 10s.; T. Hunter, 1s.; "Emin Dee," 10s.; Signor, 1s.; "J. H. 44," 1s.; T. P. 9th, 2s. 9d.; Miner's Wife, 6d.; A. Moreton, 2s.; M. Cooper, 3s.; M. C., 2s. 6d.; High Wycombe, 1s.; "Scots Greys," 1s. 2d.; P. C. Pearson, 1s. 8d.; Dartford, two parcels; Mrs. L. Hammond, parcel; "Old-fashioned," parcel; Sympathiser, parcel; W. P. Topp, 1s.; W. Aldington, 6d.; H. B., 6d.; Billy and Hal's Lucky Nights, 1s. 6d.; M. T. P., 9d.; "Kit," 1s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; Widow's Mite, parcel; Anon., parcel; J. N. S., 1s.; Anon., 1s.; K. W. G. P., £1; A. J. Kitchen, 2s. 6d.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

The Hand of Fate

Our Practical Sympathy

NO one can foresee the future or foretell what chance blow Blind Fate may strike us.

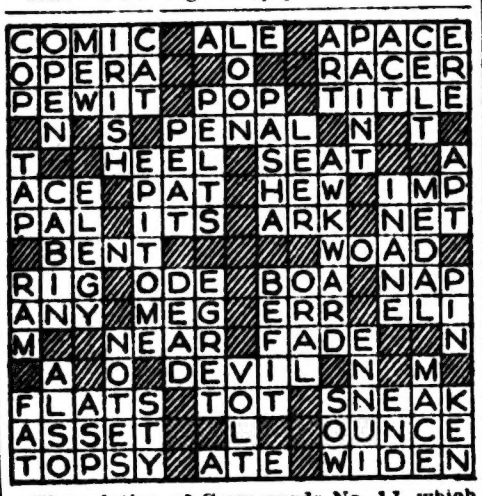
Take a tragic example: A common gas stove, a woman bending over it. Suddenly—a shriek; the unhappy woman's clothes catch fire, and the domestic picture turns to one of horror and fatality.

It was in this way that Mrs. Nancy Curtis, 188, Eastfield Road, Eastney, Portsmouth, recently lost her life.

To her husband, stricken down by this sore bereavement, everybody will extend the deepest sympathy.

Ours has taken a practical form and a cheque for £250 has been forwarded to him—because he had taken the precaution that every husband should take, to fill in the forms of the JOHN BULL great Free Insurance Gift.

Have *YOU* registered yet?



The solution of Cross-words No. 13, which was published in our issue of April 25. The 1,000 prizes have been despatched and a list of prize-winners can be seen at this office.

"Bullets" £1 Prize-winners,

(*Continued from page* 35.)

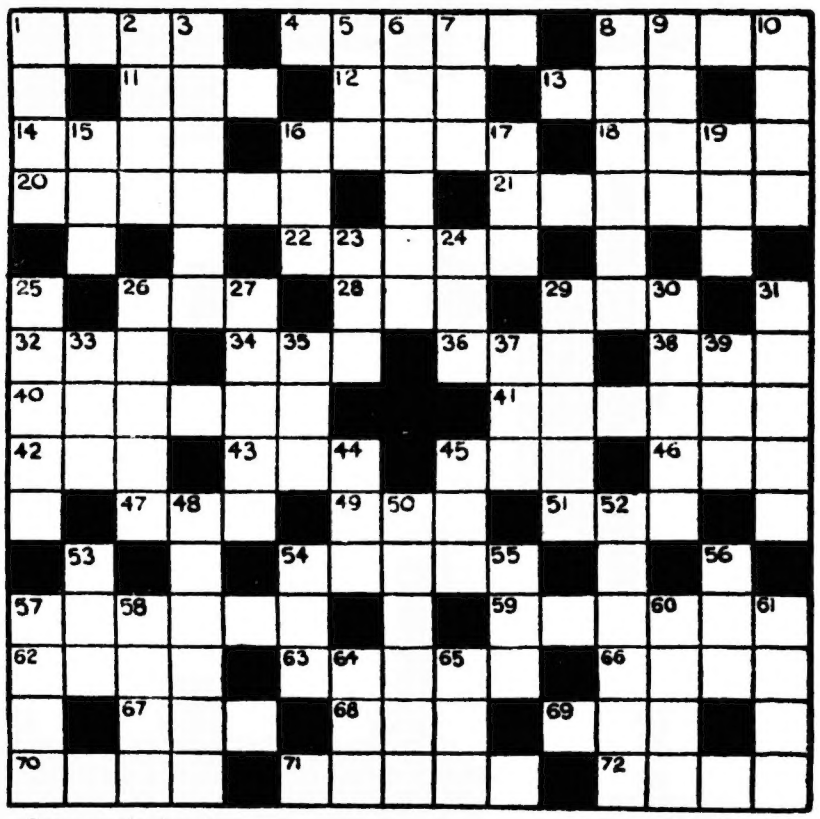
"Wotton House Cottage," Gloucester; Mrs. P. Lamberton, 23, Falside Rd., Paisley; F. J. Leaver, 28, Denbigh Rd., West Ealing; J. Lindley, 31, Cobden St., Barnoldswick; C. O. Linton, 111, Barcombe Av., Streatham Hill, S.W.; W. H. Loades, 86, Porchester St., South Shields; Miss N. Longworth, 454, Tonge Moor Rd., Bolton; Mrs. E. Lovan, Longfleet, Poole, Dorset; G. May, Compton Chase, Windsor Rd., Maidenhead; Mrs. E. Mellor, Mytholmbridge, Thongs Bridge, Huddersfield; Mrs. E. Miles, 40, Winsford St., Pennywell Rd., Bristol; J. R. Mitchell, 34, Waverley Rd., Plumstead, S.E.; R. Monks, 29, Grosvenor Pl., Salford, M/c.; Mrs. M. Moores, 51, Penny Lane, Sefton Park, L'pool; A. Morris, Mill House, Cobham, Gravesend; A. E. Morrison, c/o 10, Mountjoy St., Londonderry; A. Moss, 10, Winson St., B'ham; J. Muldowney, 57, Lennox St., Dublin; A. W. Neal, Sunnyside Lodge, King's Head Hill, Chingford; T. Newton, c/o 6, Belgrave Crescent Lane, Edinburgh; Miss M. Oddy, 51, Kimberley St., Hollinwood, Lancs.; D. J. O'Connor, Drill Hall, Park St., Cardiff; Mrs. S. Patterson, 70, Winchester St., London, S.W.; A. Phipps, Accountant, Gas Office, Colchester; J. R. Preston, 17, Froom St., Chorley; P. Prin, 16, Bangor St., Cardiff; C. W. Robson, 54, Aire St., Middlesbrough; Musician T. Royle, Royal Artillery Band, Woolwich, S.E.; T. Sands, Grove Cottage, Burwash Common, Sussex; G. W. Seymour, 2, Great Whyte, Ramsey, Huntingdon; P. Singer, 164, Brunswick Rd., Sparkbrook, B'ham; L. J. Smith, 66, Millstone Lane, Nantwich; D. Spalding, 57, Station Rd., Washington, Co. Durham; W. Stead, 37, Church St., Barrow-in-Furness; J. Storms, Hopedale, Victoria Rd., Dartmouth; E. Swallow, 50, Redlough Rd., Gateshead-on-Tyne; L. Sword, 19, Eleanor Terr., Tyne Dock, South Shields; Sgt. H. Taylor, Coastal H.Q., R.A.F., Tavistock Pl., London, W.C.; L. Terry, Farringdon, Nr. Alton, Hants.; A. Tomkinson, 1, Sleighs Sq., St. Edward St., Leek; T. Tomkinson, Junr., 55, Moor Lane, Loughborough; W. Waddle, 88, Parliament St., Middlesbrough; Mrs. F. Ward, 173, Mansfield Rd., Daybrook, Notts; W. M. Warne, 21, Hartley Av., East Ham, E.; Mrs. E. M. Weeks, 33, Swanmore Rd., Ryde, I.O.W.; A. Whitaker, 10, Kensington Terr., Leeds; A. W. Why, 123, King's Rd., Brighton; H. Wigley, 17, Fairlight Av., Harlesden, N.W.; F. J. Woodward, 3rd Floor, Telephone House, Embankment, London, E.C.; H. Yuile, 97, Whitevale St., Glasgow.

List of Five-Shilling Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 559 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete list of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £10, £3 and £2 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the first three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 561 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

Our Crossword Corner

1,000 Prizes to be Won



Cross-words No. 15 Closing date May 13.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Have a go at this one!

ONE THOUSAND prizes will be awarded to the senders of the first thousand correct solutions opened by the Editor. Entries must be received by May 13. To ensure absolute fairness no solutions will be opened until after the closing date.

YOU will find that our Cross-word Puzzle is absorbing, accessible, adroit, affirmative, agreeable, aimful, alluring, amusing, answerable, apposite, arousing, assimilating, attractive, authentic, and awakening. Now, don't you think it worth your while to make an attempt at solution, and win one of our thousand prizes?

CLUES.

ACROSS

1. To decline.
4. Assumed name.
8. To enfold.
11. Part of the head.
12. Finis.
13. Untruth.
14. Vegetable.
16. Famous Italian town.
18. Comfort.
20. Military display.
21. Fusible metal.
22. Fruit.
26. To weary.
28. Limb.
29. Cereal.
32. Male.
34. Crude metal.
36. To be in debt.
38. Order.
40. Repeat item.
41. Assert.
42. Antelope.
43. Tot
45. Span of years.
46. Fish.
47. Went swiftly.
49. Tree.
51. Nevertheless.
54. Straight.
57. Save.
59. To induce.
62. Eastern potentate
63. At concert pitch.
66. Mediterranean port.
67. Sail.
68. For pigs
69. A dish.
70. Levy.
71. Surrounded.
72. Averse from work

DOWN.

1. Cried.
2. Tidy.
3. Christian festival.
5. Sheltered side.
6. Inherent.
7. Fuss.
8. Manageable.
9. Perused.
10. A nobleman.
15. Consume.
16. An idol.
17. Donkey.
19. A collection.
23. Beverage.
24. The personality.
25. Last letter of Greek alphabet.
26. Liable.
27. Mohammedan scriptures.
29. To pass on.
30. To choose
31. Turnip.
33. Girl's name.
35. Colour.
37. Armed conflict.
39. Past.
44. Stain.
45. Lamb.
48. Natural growth.
50. Happenings.
52. To involve.
53. Precious stone.
54. Hindrance.
55. Guided.
56. Frozen water.
57. Behind.
58. Sandy sediment.
60. A notion.
61. Jealousy.
64. Employment.
65. Part of the head.

Fill in the puzzle squares, write your name and address in the space provided, cut out the whole, and post to Cross-words No. 15, P.O. Box 200, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Cross-word solutions must not be enclosed with "Bullets" coupons.

Another Fine Cross-word Puzzle in "The People" on Sunday.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked —in the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
Proprietors of "JOHN BULL."

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 559.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. A. C. WILLIAMS, 11, Beech Walk, Crayford, Kent.

Example: WHAT BABY WANTS
Bullet: CONSIDER BEFORE WANTING BABY.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon).

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. R. THOMPSON, 5, Cumberland Road, Manor Park, E.

Example: BREAKING FRESH GROUND
Bullet: WITH TOOTHPICK, LEGISLATIVE REFORMS.

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. T. C. SKELTON, 49, Avenue Road, Acton, W.

Example: WICKED WORLD
Bullet: IF POVERTY'S A CRIME.

FOURTH PRIZE OF £25:

Mrs. E. COOK, Bank View, Aylesford, Kent.

Example: WHAT IS A MONEYLENDER?
Bullet: "WOLF" "SHEEP" RUN AFTER.

FIFTH PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. H. SWATRIDGE, 6, Cedar Terrace, Latchford Locks, Warrington.

Example: HOW WE'RE SERVED
Bullet: QUICKLY IF WEIGHTS ILLEGAL.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

D. BENNETT, 4, Kinghorn Place, Edinburgh. WITHOUT A MURMUR MATRIMONIAL SEA BEFORE EMBARKING.

H. H. BOANS, 20, Clarence Road, Bridlington, Yorks. ALL WEALTH-WORKERS AFTER LIVING, BOANS.

Mrs. L. A. LEGLESTON, 18, Lime Tree Avenue, Sutton, Hull. FOR HIS SAKE ECONOMY SURPLUS CASH, HER'S. (Entered on "Target" Prize coupon).

W. HOLTOM, 30, Chelmsford Street, Oldham, Lancs. WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS—PROBABLY OFFICE-BOY WAS EDUCATED.

L. J. BOSWORTH, 160, Kimberley Road, Leicester. WHEN HE PAYS—FINE AND SMILES, DANGEROUS.

A. J. JOSLIN, 102, Monks Road, Exeter. WHAT HER MOTHER SAID—"DON'T NETTLE—NET HER."

Mrs. A. MUNDAY, 544, Welbeck Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne. IN TIME—TRAFFIC STILLED—STREETS MOVING.

Mrs. L. NUNN, 156, Green Lanes, Stoke Newington, N. WHAT HER MOTHER SAID—TO FATHER, DAUGHTER MESMERISED.

H. PARKER, 130, Geoffrey Street, Chorley, Lancs. IN TIME—MILITARY WEDDINGS, TEST-TUBE ARCHES.

J. PARKER, 62, Castle Street, Grimsby. LATE—MONEY—STUTTERS, WHEN SCOTSMAN BUYS.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

W. AUGOOD, 153, Hughes Street, Halliwell, Bolton. IN TIME—PLUMBER WAS—WITH LIFE-BELT.

W. A. BARKS, School House, Brimpton, Nr. Reading. FOR OUR BENEFIT—MIX RIDES—MAX DERIDES.

J. H. DUNCAN, 11, Ravenhill Avenue, Belfast. WHO IS A MONEYLENDER?—SUPPLIES "BIT" HOLDS "REINS."

M. ELLIS, 31, Olyffe Avenue, Welling, Kent. AS USUAL BALKAN PEBBLE—EUROPEAN POND.

Mrs. L. B. FANCE, 132, Park Avenue, Barking. WHAT HER MOTHER SAID—FLAPPER REPEATED AS JOKE. (Entered on "Target" Prize coupon).

Mrs. HARRISON, 258, Borough Road, Birkenhead. WOMAN'S REMEMBERED—HER KISS—NOT KISSES.

Miss L. HOOPER, 45, Franklin Street, South Shields. IN THE CITY—RUSTIC, FOR QUIET WEEK-END.

Miss L. OLIVE, 2, Nestor Street, Dingle, Liverpool. ONCE HUMAN—REPENTING—AND THEN REPEATING.

A. M. SCOTT, 186, Church Street, Maryhill, Glasgow. GAME OF PATIENCE—TWO WORK-SHYS, SAME JOB.

W. WOOLSTON, 22, St. Oswalds Street, Old Swan, Liverpool. WHEN A WINK—CHANNEL ISLANDERS DISCUSS BUDGET. (Entered on "Target" Prize coupon)

100 Prize-winners of £1:

J. Ackary, 117, Cooper St., St. Helens, Lancs.; L. B. Andrews, Wyles Bros., Ltd., Tewkesbury, Glos.; Mrs. Bayly, 50, Albert Rd., Hoe St., Walthamstow; H. J. Bell, 23, Stanleyfield Rd., Preston; R. A. Bell, [illegible] Av., Town Hill, Swansea; Mrs. T. Bennett, [illegible], Mablethorpe, Lincs.; H. T. Berry, 18, [illegible]d Lane, Bolton; W. L. Bird, 32, Fowler St., [illegible]; Mrs. K. Blair, 62, Northcote Rd., Sidcup; A. Boardman, 22, Bennington Rd., Tottenham, N.; W. [illegible] 284, Smithdown Rd., Sefton Park, L'pool; F. Bonney, 2, Mattham Villas, Station Rd., Burnt Mill, Harlow, Essex; W. Bowkes, Vale Supply Stores, Jersey; J. Breakwell, 21, Pembroke St., Glasgow; A. [illegible], 37, Silver St., Whinney Hill, Rotherham; H. F. Brooke, 17, Orchid St., Queen's Park, M.c.; E. Bunting, Deopham Rd., Hackford, Nr. Attleboro'; Mrs. S. Bywater, 9, Burgass Terr., Storer St., Normanton; W. C. Cameron, 172, Bolton St., Ramsbottom; Miss M. Carruthers, 449, Gallowgate, Glasgow; Mrs. H. Carter, Mount Pleasant, Wymondham, Norfolk; W. Cattle, 13, Gilbert St., Hull; W. W. [illegible], 22, Axminster Rd., Roath, Cardiff; G. Clark, [illegible], King's Cross Rd., London, W.C.; Mrs. C. [illegible], Blind School, Magdalen St., Norwich; H. [illegible]nts, 26, Pelham St., Brighton; J. Coates, 2, [illegible] Terr., Strickland St., Hull; A. Creighton, [illegible], Woodman Rd., Warley, Essex; Mrs. J. [illegible], Elsinore, Carstang Rd., Fulwood, Preston; [illegible]ouet, 148, Hydale Rd., Peckham, S.E.; J. [illegible]

(Continued in next column.)

A. Derbyshire, 51, Westbourne Av., Gt. Lever, Bolton; F. Dronsfield, 8, Acacia Grove, S. Reddish, Stockport; E. E. Duke, 33, Ursula St., Battersea, S.W.; H. Erwood, 1A, Vernham Rd., Woolwich, S.E.; H. M. Farley, 101, Broadmead, Catford, S.E.; F. Ford, 6, Swiss Villas, Inglemire Lane, Hull; Mrs. M. Foulds, 90, Taverners Rd., Peterboro'; A. Frederick, 56, Emily St., West Bromwich; J. R. Goodman, 141, Elizabeth St., Cheetham, M.c.; G. Hardman, 82, Nal Pan Lane, Westleigh, Lancs.; F. Hickman, 547, Parkfield Rd., Wolverhampton; Mrs. W. Hill, 9, Newton Rd., Sparkhill, B'ham; P. Hollowell, Nerewys, Godalming; E. C. Howard, 2, Prosperity St., Leeds; T. M. Howard, 30, Scott Rd., Chadwell St. Mary, Essex; A. H. Hughes, 2, Bodwen Villas, Llangollen; F. J. Jackson, High St., Greatham, via Stockton-on-Tees; Mrs. M. G. Jenner, 75, Huntingdon Rd., York; A. Johnson, Maple Grove, South Hill, Somerton, Som.; E. T. Jones, 88, Lavenham Rd., Southfields, S.W.; H. E. Knight,

(Continued on page 31.)

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 561.

THE BUDGET
FOR THE EMPIRE
AT WEMBLEY
THANKS TO WINSTON
LOVELY WEATHER
SINS OF SOCIETY
HEARD OUTSIDE
INVENTION WE WANT
IDEAL EMPLOYER
GOOD OR BAD
ALL ALONE
WHAT HUBBY ASKED
BOTTOM RUNG
WHEN A BABY
WITHOUT ME
THOUGHTFULLY
WHY HE KISSED HER
ALL THE RAGE
CHEAP TO-DAY
BODY AND SOUL
AFTER BUSINESS
PARTNERS
WHAT WE'RE WAITING FOR
WHY HE'S POOR
CHEERFUL IDIOT
JOB FOR FATHER
HER FUTURE
WHEN PARLIAMENT'S BROADCAST
CONQUERING HERO
IF MARRIED
GREATEST TROUBLE
WHAT MRS. GRUNDY SAID
SECOND TIME
DARBY AND JOAN
SILENT WITNESS
LADY MOTORIST
CUPID'S WHISPER
ASLEEP
ROAD TO RICHES
WHAT IS A FORD?

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS" — NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the *Examples* printed; then give any **Two, Three,** or **Four Words** having some bearing on the *Example* chosen, each of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you:—

Example:—IN COURT *Bullet*:—SOCIETY "SINKS A LOT."
Example:—UP HIS SLEEVE *Bullet*:—AMATEUR CONJUROR FORGOT WHICH.
Example:—BY INSTALMENTS *Bullet*:—BETTER PUTTING INSTALMENTS BY.

ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6D. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 561, John Bull, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

Closing Date, Thursday, May 14.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(561) P.O. No.

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 34. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, May 14.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(561) P.O. No.

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 34. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Closing Date, Thursday, May 14.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(561) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 34. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, May 14.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(561) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 34. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed _____
Address _____

If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" No. 558 can now be seen at Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son's Bookstall, Aldershot Station.

Another "DOUBLE-FIRST" Next Week!

"Bullets" First Prize increased to £500 for a ONE-WEEK Contest.

Free Yourself of Rupture Without Pain, Operation or Loss of Time.

FOR the benefit of our readers we take pleasure in publishing the Brooks offer to save all who are ruptured from wearing trusses and other painful makeshifts that do not cure.

The Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd., gladly sends this remarkable Appliance ON TRIAL to prove that it holds the rupture back, keeps it in place, prevents it coming down or slipping out and finally cures it entirely.

NO man or woman ever can look and feel his or her best while suffering the torment, pain, and discomfort of rupture.

Every day that you suffer from rupture—every hour of truss torture that you endure—after you read this page *is your own fault.*

For many years we have been telling you that no truss will ever help you. We have told you about the harm trusses are doing. We have told you that the only truly comfortable, sanitary and scientific device for holding rupture is the Brooks Rupture Appliance.

Now we offer to prove it to you entirely at our risk. We will send you a Brooks Rupture Appliance *on trial.* If you really want to be rid of your rupture, fill out the coupon below and mail it to-day.

Instead of wearing a steel spring or inflexible harness, try the *velvet soft* Brooks Appliance.

Instead of the hard pad of a truss, use the *soft rubber automatic air-cushion* of a Brooks Appliance.

The Brooks Appliance clings to you without force, and you are hardly conscious of its presence. And above all else it HOLDS ALWAYS.

Within an hour after you receive the Brooks Appliance, if you take advantage of this remarkable trial offer, you will throw away your truss for ever.

Over 253,000 People have Accepted this Offer. Why not You?

Doesn't that prove that the Brooks Appliance is not an experiment but a positive success—that it does all we claim for it? Among these 253,000 men, women and children, there must be *hundreds whose condition was identical with yours.* Can you afford not to investigate and satisfy yourself when it costs you nothing to prove what the Brooks Appliance will do for *you?*

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself of rupture over 30 years ago, and patented the Appliance from his personal experience. If ruptured, write to-day to Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd., 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. 2.

This wonderful device is a triumph of scientific and mechanical genius, the result of more than 30 years' experience, and the percentage of cures effected by its use is little short of miraculous. Many humdreds of physicians and surgeons recommend the Brooks Appliance and condemn trusses as more harmful and dangerous than any other method of retaining and treating rupture. Thousands of people have written us to testify to the amazing results they have secured from this great invention. Many of these people live in your vicinity, and we will be glad to send you copies of their thankful letters if you will ask for them when you write.

Men, Women and Children Find the Brooks Appliance Equally Effective.

No matter if your rupture is old and severe or only recently developed, no matter if you are young or old, you should not fail to profit by this **No-risk Trial Offer.**

No other rupture support, truss, device, pad, or plaster is offered to the public under so broad a guarantee of satisfaction. If for any reason whatever you do not wish to keep the Brooks Appliance after you try it, send it back. You do not have to give any reason. There will be no question or quibble. There will be no argument, no dispute or misunderstanding.

A Word of Caution.

Cases have come to our notice where trusses purchased in shops have been returned to us as being unsuitable. These are, more often than not, imitations of Brooks Rupture Appliance—nothing like the original. Readers should therefore make particular note of our address.

Ten Reasons Why You Should Accept this Offer.

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance embodying the principles that inventors have sought after for years.
2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.
3. Being an air-cushion of soft rubber, it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.
4. Unlike ordinary so-called pads, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.
5. It is small, soft, and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.
6. The soft pliable bands do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.
7. Nothing to get foul; it can be washed without any injury.
8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.
9. All materials are the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.
10. Our reputation is so thoroughly established, and our prices so reasonable, our terms so fair, that you should not hesitate to send the free coupon TO-DAY.

Free Information Coupon

Brooks Appliance Company, Ltd.,
(1761J) 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2

Without cost or obligation on my part, please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture, and your trial offer.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....

.....

Please write plainly.

Brooks Appliances are not sold in any SHOPS—The only address in Gt. Britain is 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

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